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ARTARAXIA.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Come o'er the green hills to the sunny sea!—
 The boundless sea that washeth many lands,
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free,
 Lie brightly scattered on the gleaming sands.
There, 'midst the hush of slumbering ocean's roar,
 We'll sit and watch the silver-tissued waves
Creep languidly along the basking shore,
 And kiss thy gentle feet, like Eastern slaves.

And we will take some volume of our choice,
 Full of a quiet poetry of thought;
And thou shalt read me, with thy plaintive voice,
 Lines which some gifted mind hath sweetly wrought,
And I will listen, gazing on thy face—
 Pale as some cameo on th' Italian shell—
Or looking out across the far blue space
 Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.

Come forth! The sun hath flung on Tœris' breast
 The glittering tresses of his golden hair;
All things are heavy with a noonday rest,
 And floating sea-birds leave the stirless air.
Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,
 The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between;
And idling winds are murmuring through the wood
 Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green.

Come forth! All motion is so gentle now,
 It seems thy step alone should walk the earth—
Thy voice alone, the "ever soft and low,"
 Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.
Too wild would be Love's passionate store of hope—
 Unmeet the influence of his changeful power;
Ours be Companionship, whose gentle scope
 Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.

In that, no jealousy—no wild regret,
 Lies like deep poison in a flower's bright cup,
Which thirsty lips for ever seek, and yet
 For ever murmur as they drink it up,
The memory of thy beauty ne'er can rise
 With haunting bitterness in days to come;
Thy name can never choke my heart with sighs,
 Nor leave the vex'd tongue faltering, faint, and dumb.

Therefore come forth, oh gentle friend! and roam
 Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade,
And see how glassy lie the waves, whose foam
 Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.
Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair—
 Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form;
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still and fair
 As though earth ne'er could know another storm.

Come! Let not listless sadness make delay—
 Beneath Heaven's light that sadness will depart;
And as we wander on our shoreward way,
 A strange, sweet peace shall enter in thine heart.
We will not weep, nor talk of vanish'd years,
 When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was riven;
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears—
 Those who have injured us shall be forgiven.

Few have my summers been, and fewer thine;
 Youth ruined, is the weary lot of both;
In both, all lonely shows our life's decline—
 Both with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.
But yet we will not weep! The breathless calm
 Which lulls the golden earth, and wide blue sea,
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm,
 And fill us with its own tranquillity.

We will not mar the scene—we will not look
 To the veil'd future, or the shadowy past;
Shut up shall be sad Memory's open book,
 And Childhood's idleness return at last!
Joy, with his restless, ever-fluttering wings,
 And Hope, his gentle brother—all shall cease;
Like weary birds that seek the desert springs,
 Our one sole feeling shall be peace—deep peace!

Then come! Come o'er the green hills to the sea—
 The boundless sea that washeth many lands;
And with thy plaintive voice, oh! read to me,
 As we two sit upon the golden sands.
And I will listen, gazing on that face—
 Pale as some cameo, on th' Italian shell—
Or looking out across the far blue space
 Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

Frederick and Fleury;

OR, THE ILLUMINEES.

However strange the following narrative may appear at the present day, it may, nevertheless, not be devoid of interest to those who still bear in remembrance the principal occurrences of the year 1792, and more especially the strong sensation occasioned by a very important and unexpected event to which it has reference. The story rests upon the statement of Caron de Beaumarchais, a man whose character did not stand sufficiently high in the estimation of his contemporaries to ensure its being received as an unquestionable fact, upon his bare assertion, unsupported by more respectable evidence; they were more likely to have considered it a flight of that lively and prolific imagination which had produced the *Marriage de Figaro*, and other works (displaying very superior genius, but abounding in immorality, as well as wit,) if a variety of circumstances had not combined to render it so highly probable, that it readily obtained credit with all those to whom it was communicated.

Beaumarchais came to England toward the close of 1792, and soon after his arrival, told his story to the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre, who, struck with the light it appeared to throw upon a circumstance involved in great mystery, and which had annihilated the hopes of the French Royalists, hastened, with all possible speed to impart it to several of his emigrant friends, who concurred in giving it implicit belief.

The town of Verdun had, in the month of August, 1792, been summoned to surrender by the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, commander of the combined armies of Austria and Prussia, assembled on the frontiers of France, for the avowed purpose of liberating the king and royal family, from the captivity in which they were then held. An ineffectual attempt to defend the place had been made by Monsieur de Beaumepaire, the governor, until finding himself opposed by the inhabitants, and unable to make further resistance, he took the desperate resolution of blowing out his brains, which he actually put into execution in full council. The garrison immediately capitulated, and having obtained leave to retire into the interior of France, the gates of Verdun were thrown open, and the King of Prussia entered it at the head of his army, the 2d of September, 1792.

The occupation of Verdun, by the King of Prussia, was hailed by the Royalists with the utmost joy, their dearest hopes seemed about to be fulfilled, and only a few days they expected would elapse, ere the King of Prussia would overcome every obstacle, enter Paris, set free the imprisoned monarch, reinstate him upon the throne of his ancestors, overthrow the power usurped by the Revolutionists, and restore to that unhappy country, deluged as it had been by blood, that peace and order, which had long been banished from it.

It was at this juncture, and whilst the king of Prussia was still at Verdun, that Beaumarchais called at the house of an actor, named Fleury, who had acquired prodigious applause in his performance at one of the theatres in Paris of the character of Frederick II. King of Prussia. Fleury had got an old coat worn by Frederick, his waistcoat, his hat, his boots, and he had contrived to make even his face bear a strong resemblance to the deceased monarch. Upon Beaumarchais knocking at Fleury's door, it was opened by a little girl of ten or twelve years old, the niece of Fleury, who, in answer to the inquiry, whether her uncle was at home, said that he was in the country.

"Will he be at home to-morrow?" asked Beaumarchais, who wished very much to see him.

"Oh, no," replied the girl, "my uncle will not be home for eight or ten days; he is gone to Verdun."

Beaumarchais turned from the door. Gone to Verdun, thought he; what can possibly have called Fleury to Verdun! certainly not the exercise of his profession—they have other things to occupy their attention just now—more serious work in hand than to be thinking of acting plays. Thus reasoned Beaumarchais; and as soon as the time fixed for Fleury's return was expired, he made another visit to his house with better success, and was admitted, as they were upon terms of great intimacy.

Beaumarchais naturally asked Fleury what had occasioned his going from Paris so unexpectedly, and what business could have called him to Verdun. To his astonishment, he found his friend (contrary to his usual communicative manner) very shy of speaking upon the subject of his late journey, evading to answer any direct questions, and seemingly desirous to envelop the whole in an impenetrable veil of mystery. But the more Fleury labored at concealment, the more Beaumarchais became convinced that this journey was connected with matters of importance; and he strove, by every means he could devise, to obtain the secret. Nothing, however, could he elicit from the cautious Fleury, and the mind of Beaumarchais was still deeply engaged in forming conjectures, when a report was spread, that the King of Prussia instead of marching to Paris for the relief of the king and royal family, as set forth in the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, had determined upon relinquishing any further attempt, and had actually withdrawn his army. Before the astonishment, which this very unexpected news occasioned, had subsided, an authentic account arrived confirming the disastrous intelligence, and of the Prussians being in full retreat. A change so sudden, and at a moment when the hopes of the Royalists had been raised to the highest pitch, came upon them like a clap of thunder; they were plunged into the deepest despair, and above all, the gallant band of emigrants, assembled under the banners of the king's two brothers, Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois, and commanded by the Prince de Condé; whilst men of noble families, and possessing large estates in France, who were serving in the ranks as common soldiers, submitting to the hardships and privations, which would have been severely felt by persons born in the lower classes of life, but which these gentlemen, sustained as they were by the hope of being the instruments destined by Providence to rescue their King, their country, and their families, from the galling yoke of the Revolutionists, bore, with a patience and devotedness, truly heroic. Every possible endeavor was tried to induce the King of Prussia to revoke this cruel resolve, but in vain; and no alternative was left to them but the heart-rendering sacrifice of their long-cherished hopes, and the painful necessity of disbanding their little army.

Conjecture was of course busy in assigning reasons for the King of Prussia's abandonment of a cause, which he had espoused with an ardor that promised the happiest result. One report, which was propagated by the Revolutionists, stated that the measure had originated from a letter written by Louis XVI. to the King of Prussia; but nothing could less bear the semblance of truth, than that the unhappy monarch would himself have assisted to rivet his own fetters, and stop the progress of an army rapidly advancing to Paris for his deliverance; or if, in fact, such a letter had been written by him, was it not obvious that it must have been done under the control of his jailers, dictated by them, and not expressive of his own sentiments; and ought it not to have been treated as such by the King of Prussia! Another, and by far a more prevalent rumor, affirmed that the King of Prussia had seen the spirit of his uncle, Frederick II. who, in menacing terms, forbade his further advance into the French territory, and commanded him, upon pain of vengeance, to retrace his steps to his own dominions.

This last rumor obtained very general belief, strengthened as it was, by its being well known that his Prussian Majesty was intimately acquainted with several of the Illuminees, disciples of Swedenborg, who affirmed that the favored few, who were initiated into their unhallowed rites, possessed the power of invoking the dead, of recalling the disembodied spirit back to earth, compelling it by their incantations, to submit to interrogation, and to answer whatever questions they might think fit to propose. No sooner did this last rumor reach Beaumarchais, than the light seemed to flash upon his mind, and he was convinced that he had got a clue to all Fleury's proceedings. With indefatigable research he ascertained, that Fleury's journey to Verdun tallied exactly with the time that the spirit of Frederick II. was said to have appeared; but his strictest inquiries could not obtain the slightest information respecting Fleury's sojourn at Verdun, no one had seen him, no one had heard of him, his name [illegible] comparing all that he had heard, Beaumarchais was confirmed in his opinion, that the talents of Fleury had been brought into action for a great political purpose, that of imposing upon the King of Prussia, whose mind being in some degree predisposed in favor of the power of the Illuminees, was wrought upon to believe that he had actually seen his deceased uncle, of whom, whilst living, he had stood exceedingly in awe; and received from him the order, which struck the death-blow to the unfortunate Louis, his Queen, his Sister, and his Son.

A mind of much less acuteness than that of Beaumarchais, would naturally have drawn the same inference that he did, from the coincidence of the above-mentioned circumstances. If the story of the illusion practised upon the King of Prussia had any foundation in truth, no doubt could be entertained of its having been effected by means of some deep-laid scheme—no common artifice, no stale juggling tricks, had been resorted to; and what stratagem so likely to have been devised, as having recourse to Fleury's resemblance in person, voice, and manner, to the celebrated Frederick II. the Solomon of the North!

How any person impressed with a just sense of the Divine wisdom and goodness, could for one moment harbor the belief that the Supreme Being ever had delegated, or even would delegate so large a portion of his power to a sinful creature of mere earthly mould, is a question which is quite incomprehensible. Yet, certain it is, that all nations, civilized as well as barbarous, and in all ages, from Jannes and Jambres, who withstood Moses to the present time, there have been impostors, who, by various artifices, have contrived to deceive mankind with pretended miracles, and supernatural appearances. None more effectually than the Illuminees, who, toward the end of the last century, were so much talked of in every country of Europe, particularly in Germany, which was the principal theatre of their operations. What rendered their success most surprising, was, that the proselytes were not generally credulous, weak-minded persons easily led astray by such charlatans as Cagliostro, Mesmer, &c. but very many of them were men of strong minds, and highly-cultivated understanding.

I had opportunities of hearing much upon this subject, from both English and Foreigners, who had been personally acquainted with the Comte de St. Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer, and Le Roi. But I shall, for the present, take my leave of them, with an extraordinary story which I heard told, at an early period of the French Revolution, at the Comtesse de Boufflers's.

The narrator was the Comtesse de Balbi, at that time the acknowledged favorite of Monsieur, brother of Louis XVI.; the fascination of whose conversation, although unaided by the charms of beauty, fully justified the influence she was said to hold over her royal friend. She had very lately arrived from Paris, where the Rosicrusians and Illuminees were much spoken of; and, when mentioned at Madame de Boufflers's, Madame de Balbi said she could give a very remarkable instance of the lamentable effects of becoming an Illuminee, produced upon the Comte de Caylus, not only to the subversion of his understanding, but, as she firmly believed, to the forfeiture of his life.

The Compte de Caylus was known to most of the company, as highly distinguished for his literature, and as having acquired deserved celebrity by his antiquarian researches, and the engravings published from his beautiful drawings; yet this man, endowed, as he undoubtedly was, with a superior and enlightened understanding, was completely deluded into a conviction of himself possessing the power of invoking the spirits of the dead.

Madame de Balbi said, that the story had been told to her by Madame de Bonneuil, with whom she was well acquainted, and whose husband was *premier valet-de-chambre* to *Monsieur*. The Comte de Caylus lived in great intimacy with Monsieur and Madame Bonneuil, and to the latter he frequently spoke, with most profound reverence, of the wonders, which his command over certain spirits enabled him to perform; and of the extraordinary discoveries he had made, by his intercourse with several illustrious persons, who had ceased to be inhabitants of earth; expatiating, at the same time, upon the vast superiority enjoyed by the Illuminees, over all other human beings. These communications often repeated, and by one so gifted as the Comte de Caylus, could not fail making in time, some impression upon the mind of Madame de Bonneuil; she listened until she began to consider the improbability of the Comte's having any motive for attempting to deceive her; and from thence she was led to hope, that if in reality he had acquired the ascendancy of which he boasted, over certain evil spirits, she might, through his agency be indulged with the gratification which she ardently desired, of seeing and conversing with a friend whose memory she cherished. In one of her interviews with the Comte, she made known her wishes, and very earnestly entreated him to invoke the spirits in her behalf. After much solicitation on her part, and some reluctance on his, the Comte consented to her request; but only upon condition that she would solemnly promise to follow implicitly his direction, not to move from the place which he should assign to her; to observe the most profound silence, and not to utter the slightest sound during the performance of the ceremony. To these terms, Madame de Bonneuil gave her ready assent, and waited with great anxiety for the summons which she expected from her friend, appointing a meeting. After a short interval, a day was fixed by the Comte, and Madame de Bonneuil was punctual in her attendance. Arrived at the house of the Comte, he received her at the door of his apartment, dressed in black, and with a more than usual solemnity of countenance and demeanor, he accosted her in a low tone of voice, scarce above a whisper, and reminded her of the pledge she had given, neither to move nor speak; assuring her, at the same time, that it was of the utmost consequence, both to her own life and to his, that she should strictly observe the profound silence he had enjoined. Madame de Bonneuil repeated the promise, and again assured the Comte, that he might rely upon her taciturnity, and her conforming rigidly in every respect to his instructions. The Comte then led her through two or three rooms, all hung with black, receiving light from only a few lamps, so sparingly distributed, that they served rather to increase than to dispel sepulchral gloom. The last room which she entered was darker, and much more *lugubre* than the others, it seemed fitted up for the express purpose of inspiring horror; for, by the very feeble light which a single lamp afforded, she could perceive the sad emblems of mortality, skulls, and cross-bones affixed to the walls. Madame de Bonneuil shuddered, and was somewhat dismayed; but the presence of the Comte gave her confidence, and, after a few minutes' consideration, she fancied herself capable of awaiting the result, if not with courage, at least without betraying fear, as the Comte had not imposed upon her any act that could in any way be repugnant to her feelings—all she had to do, was to be passive, silent, and immoveable.

The Comte having conducted her to the seat which she was to occupy, began the ceremony by drawing a circle around himself with a wand; he then proceeded to throw the ingredients, which composed the spell, into a vessel prepared for the purpose, from whence issued a dense smoke, muttering at the same time incantations in a low voice, until he worked himself up to the loudest and most vehement tone of command, accompanied with the wild gestures and horrid contortions of a demoniac. The courage of Madame de Bonneuil began to give way; and at the moment when screams and yells, the most dreadful and terrific, assailed her ear, she became so completely appalled, that she lost all self-possession; and, to utter one answering and involuntary scream, and to rush from the room before the Comte could stop her, was the work of an instant. Almost breathless, she traversed the apartments, flung herself into her carriage which was waiting at the door, and by the time she reached her own house, was seriously ill from the effects of the terror she had undergone. During her illness, which lasted several days, she neither saw nor heard of the Comte de Caylus; at last, after some considerable time had elapsed, he came, but so changed in his appearance, that she was greatly struck with it; his countenance was woe-begone, and his conversation the most melancholy. He reproached her with having so strenuously urged him to put forth his power of calling up the dead, and deceiving him by the promise of implicitly following his directions. His reliance upon her had induced him, he said, to make use of the most powerful spells, and summon to his aid malignant demons, which could only be kept in awe by severity—that her scream had broken the charm—the demons had obtained the mastery over him, and nothing but his life would expiate his offence. Poor Madame de Bonneuil, excessively distressed at hearing the Comte talk in this strain, endeavored to reason with him, but without the slightest effect, and he parted from her as one who "bids the world [illegible] a short time to live, ere the fiends whom she had insulted would demand him as their victim.

Whether the Comte de Caylus was at the time suffering from any malady likely to put a speedy period to his existence, or whether the mental delusion under which he labored produced a fatal effect upon his body, certain it is, that very soon, within a few weeks after this interview, Madame de Bonneuil learnt that the Comte de Caylus was dead!!!

B.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

THE INDIAN'S ANATHEMA.

"It is in vain," said an Indian chief, when importuned to remove from beyond the rocky Mountains that he might be free from the aggressions of the white man—"It is in vain—neither mountain nor flood can stay the march of the people who have usurped the dominion of the red man. They will follow, and persecute, and destroy him until the shriek of the Indian race shall mingle with the roar of the Pacific."

They pointed far to the setting sun,
 As he sank in his splendor down,
And they vainly plead with the lingering one,
 Till his brow wore an angry frown.
"O bright is the land of the rising day,
 Dark sons of the lonely wood,
But brighter the land of his closing ray,
 And it teems with its treasured good.

"Wide—wide are the boundless hunting grounds,
 When the rock-crowned hills are o'er,
And the tall trees wave—and the wild deer bounds,
 And the pale face comes no more.
Then haste thee, chief, to the sunny shore;
 Yes, haste with thy warriors there,
Where the white man's voice shall threat no more,
 Nor claim of thy joys a share."

But he drew his form to its noblest height,
 That son of the dauntless Free—
And his dark eye glanced with a kindling light,
 And a withering agony;—
"It is vain," he cried with a thundering tone,
 O shame to the white man's face—
'Tis a vain retreat to those regions lone,
 Woe, woe to the Indian's race.

"Ye bound o'er the rocks and the swelling streams,
 Ye leap o'er mountains high,
Ye stride from the land of the sun's young beams,
 To the realm where they fade and die.
We will go no more where the sun declines;
 We will die where our kindred died;
We will guard their dust and their sacred shrines,
 Till we sleep by their mouldering side.

"Yet a fleeting span—and our Father's eye,
 Though he sinks to his slumbering now,
Shall waken with woe in the eastern sky,
 And a cloud on his mournful brow.
He will search from the morn to the starless night,
 For the tribes of his children true,
He will vainly seek for the council light,
 Ah! none shall its flame renew!

"He will call for the men of the sounding bow,
 He will ask of the mountains—'where'—
He will light up the caves, and will search them low—
 But in vain shall he seek them there—
Then a sound shall come to the mortal ear,
 Like the shriek which the red man gave,
When he fled to the gulf like a hunted deer,
 And leaped to his roaring grave.

"'Tis a voice that rings from the western main,
 Where our slaughtered remnant are—
'Tis the cry of a *people* spoiled and slain,
 'Tis their deep Anathema.
'The pale men walk through the goodly land,
 Where our freeborn sires were nursed,
And proud 'mid the rocks and the wild woods stand,
 Be the soil to the white man cursed!

"'Let the blade he rears for his children's bread,
 Be nipped in the greenest prime,
Let famine stalk with her direst tread,
 'Tis her just destroying time!
Let the hearts of his foes wax fiercely bold,
 And strength to their arms be given,
Let his babes be slain on his hearth-stone cold,
 Or to hopeless bondage driven!

"'Ah! then let him think of the broken vow,
 And the oath so falsely sworn,
Let it wring his soul—let it brand his brow,
 Till his heart of its pride be shorn;—
And then let him think of the red man's doom,
 As he feels the deadly thrust,
And down let him sink to a nameless tomb,
 Accursed in the voiceless dust!'"

IANTHE.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Birds of Spring.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for important occupation, and drives me to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch, and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visiters we have, during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, free and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, deathlike sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after a long, dubious voyage, the field-birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted my book of ornithology, in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visiters who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Pe-wit, or Pe-wee, or Phœbe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous tone. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snow-drop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. "The Phœbe-birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity. But why should I attempt to describe him, when I have Wilson's own graphic verses to place him before the reader?

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reappearing,
[illegible] shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly [illegible]
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
Oh, then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

The loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and warm glows the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
 And spice-wood and sassafras budding together;
Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair,
 Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree—
 The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers, wherever they be,
 And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
 The worms from the webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
 And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
 Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet, simple strain,
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him.
The slow lingering school-boys forget they'll be chid,
 While gazing intent, as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-briar and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song, when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some flaunting wood, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season in the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; and when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the live-long day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little violet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
 No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
 We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

Farther observation and experience has given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song and taste, and sensibility and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusky garb, and enters into the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. He becomes a bon vivant, a mere gourmand; thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandising on the seeds of the long grasses on which he lately swung, and chaunted so musically. He begins to think there is nothing like "the joys of the table," if I may be allowed to apply that convivial phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain, everyday fare, and sets out on a gastronomical tour, in search of foreign luxuries. He is to be found in myriads among the reeds of the Delaware, banqueting on their seeds; grows corpulent with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the ortolan. Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty fire-locks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the *reed-bird*, the much-sought-for tit-bit of the Pennsylvania epicure.

Does he take warning and reform? Not he! He wings his flight farther South, in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice swamps; filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. Last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gourmand, the most vaunted of Southern dainties, the *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted, Boblink. It contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

Which is all at present, from the well-wisher of little boys and little birds.

From the Knickerbocker.

GOD IN NATURE.

Come, climb along with me this mountain top,
Thou unbeliever in Eternal Good,
And look upon the wide outstretching scene,
That from the summit meets the eager sight!
Far as the eye may reach, a varied map
Of earth and water, upland, mead and vale,
Of flowery fields, and forests waving wild;
Acres, which bless the thrifty farmer's toil,
And barren peaks, where not a leafier grows;
This varied scene in solemn beauty lies,
On which each heart, with just conception fraught,
In admiration muses, and is mute.
What, say'st thou, unbeliever, dark in soul!
Did chance accomplish all? Does chance maintain
The graceful harmony in constant round?
Come, thou most learned of unbelieving men,
Whose deep philosophy has mastered art,
Will all thy skill make such a simple flower
As this frail blue-bell, that amid the crags
Looks up in beauty, smiling to the sun?
Thou canst not! Then, perhaps thou canst unmake.
Here is an atom, which thy art [illegible]
Take this, and o'er it exercise thy power;
Destroy, annihilate! Thou look'st abashed!
Thy boasted skill is vain: Now, answer me:
If the mean dust be of immortal mould,
Why, what art thou, who to the soul denies
Its immortality? Blaspheming man!
Go hide thy pigmy head! In sackcloth weep,
And pray thy soul may be by grace illumed!

From the New-Yorker.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

AN ADVENTURE IN ILLINOIS.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the Indian summer, that season which, particularly in the Western portion of our country, is of all others the most enchanting; the bright beams of the sun were tempered by the cool and refreshing breeze that ruffled with soft music the parti-colored foliage of the trees. All who have stood at this season of the year on the prairies of the West, with uncovered brow, will recall the beauty spread wide around them far better than I can describe it.

Seizing my rifle, I left my uncle Jonathan's log hut and wandered leisurely over the prairie in the direction of the wood. Having passed through a corner of the forest, I found myself near a small bluff upon the top of which I could plainly discern the stately outlines and branching antlers of a buck painted in dark lines against the horizon. Entering the skirts of the forest once more, I crept warily round the hill in order to approach unseen within hailing distance of the object of my pursuit. Stooping low, I hurried along behind the rugged line of rocks at the base of the hill until I reached a place from which I supposed I could command a prospect of the whole broad summit. Nor was I mistaken; for on peering carefully over the edge of the rock I beheld my game in fair view about a hundred yards distant, little suspecting an enemy, at least in that direction. Thrusting the muzzle of my rifle over the rock, I took a deliberate aim at his side and pulled the trigger. The quick, sharp crack of the cap alone followed. This was a disappointment; but quick as possible I cringed behind the rock, and, trembling with eagerness, sought for another cap. After consuming twice the time necessary, and scattering my caps in all directions upon the ground, I was at length once more in a state of preparation. My heart beat as I saw the majestic animal still occupying his former position, though with head erect, snuffing the breeze and darting his lightning glances in every quarter, unknowing in what direction to flee to avoid the death. Again I pointed my iron and fired. The noble buck sprang into the air, and I sprang over the rock. When I reached the spot his limbs were already quivering. In loading again, I found I had but one charge in my flask: so with all convenient haste, as it was now nearly sunset, I drew my long knife, which formed an indispensable item in my hunting accoutrements, and having dissected the animal which I had slain, proceeded homeward, loaded with the skin and two quarters, which was all I could conveniently carry, and which, with my piece, formed a very respectable burden. Striking into a path which I supposed would conduct me by a nearer route through the forest, I hurried on with all the speed my load would allow. But after consuming sufficient time to have brought me out, I was somewhat surprised at discovering that instead of drawing near the opening my path seemed to become less distinct as I advanced, and to conduct me farther into the depth of the forest. However, I pressed on with alacrity, deeming it sure that I should soon emerge, and knowing that to retrace my steps would only be conducting me into a course directly opposite to my home.

It was now growing quite dark in the wood, by which the indistinctness of the treacherous path I had followed was of course increased. When standing still with doubt and uncertainty, the long-drawn howl of a wolf came with fearful distinctness upon my ear. So suddenly it came, it pierced like a knell "the fearful hollow of my ear," announcing in a tone not to be misunderstood, the kind of companions I should be likely to have, should I be compelled to pass the night in the woody labyrinth—a prospect which, though by no means agreeable, seemed yet not improbable. Nevertheless, I resolved to proceed, and either to come safely out or to brave whatever dangers I might encounter with a manly heart. Wandering on as well as I might in my former direction, I soon found myself near a brook which murmured on through a shady dell, and immediately determined to follow it, satisfied that it must, sooner or later, conduct me into the open world once more. It was now after sunset, and so dark that I could scarcely see to pick my dubious and fearful way. I would have lightened myself of my burden, but the increased howling of the wolves, which seemed to be gathering in a body behind me, warned me that it might soon become my only protection. You may be sure that these not musical but most melancholy notes tended not to diminish my speed or trepidation, and I seemed to be chasing down the little brook with all the demons of the pit crowding and yelling behind me.

Presently I could detect a discordant note among the voices of this infernal choir, which I knew at once to be the cry of the panther, than which I would rather have met in general assembly all the wolves of the forest. Notwithstanding the increase of speed caused by the last unpleasant discovery, it availed me so little that I could soon distinguish the rustling of leaves and cracking of dry branches, and presently after, the measured bounds of the panther struck plain upon my ear and to my heart. When it seemed to my frightened fancy that I could almost feel the monster's hot breath upon me and see in the dark the glare of his eyeballs, I procured a temporary reprieve by dropping one quarter of my fine buck, which I had intended for a far different purpose. However, I well knew that he would delay only to return with increased ferocity after his repast. I quickened my pace, if that were possible, straining every nerve with a faint hope of gaining the edge of the wood before I was again placed in so dangerous a vicinity to my pursuer, but in vain: I could soon distinguish again his lengthened bounds, each one bringing him nearer and nearer.

When he had approached so near that I considered him too familiar, I again baited him with my venison. This I did till my load was gone; and, instead of being satisfied, the fierce animal seemed but to have sharpened his appetite for a richer repast. When I had dropped the last remaining fragment, my means of defence or escape seemed to have been exhausted. However, I resolved to climb with all haste into the first tree which would admit of it, and defend myself as well as I could with the sole remaining charge in my rifle.—By good fortune I immediately discovered one which answered my purpose very well. It was of a middle size, and destitute of branches for some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. I found no difficulty in climbing it with gun in hand, as my short sojourn in the country had made me quite an adept at many such indispensable accomplishments.

I had no sooner seated myself on the first bough, ready with my gun, than I could hear my late acquaintance bounding forward again, and soon, by the dim light that had enabled me to discover the tree, discerned his form alternately ascending and descending, leaping high into the air, and, it seemed to me, full twenty feet forward each time. It did not in the least puzzle his sagacity to comprehend that the trail he was following came to a very abrupt conclusion; for after running several times round the tree, he finally settled himself down beneath it, and raised such a tremendous yelp that in spite of all my attempts to wear a brave heart and yield as little as possible to terror, this, with the long and quavering cry of the approaching pack, could not but run like iron through my blood. Much to my astonishment, the wolves seemed content to occupy the background. This was soon explained by the appearance of another panther. These two formidable enemies occupied the ground alone, while the murderous but cowardly wolves slunk back into the obscurity of the woods.

Upon this new arrival, the two seemed for a short time to be holding an infernal council. Soon one of them started and ran off, while the other remained crouching beneath the tree. I was at a loss to comprehend precisely what this movement might import, though I could in any case only remain quiet, with my rifle ready poised. It was difficult to resist the temptation of firing at the remaining one, but I resolved to preserve my last charge in case of a greater emergency.

I now had leisure to plan every method of escape that my invention could devise. Other reflections by no means so pleasant would persist in intruding themselves. I had retained this position but a few minutes when I heard a slight crackle of a dry branch in another tree distant two or three rods from the one I was in. I darted my eyes in that direction, and there, crouched on a limb a little [illegible] the one I rested on, I could plainly see the other panther in the very act of springing upon [illegible] night, and lit up [illegible] of lightning. I could fancy it reflected from a thousand wild eyes that were gleaming in anxious expectancy upon me.

But there was slight opportunity for reflection. As the panther, at the moment I fired, was on the point of springing, the impetus sent him forward and downward, so that he struck his claw upon the limb where my feet rested. For a moment he struggled to retain his grasp, and then fell dying to the ground. The other panther set up a dismal howl, and then started off in a similar manner with the first, and, I doubted not, with a similar intention. As soon, therefore, as he was out of sight, I slipped hastily from the tree, threw away my rifle, and started with all the speed desperation could lend. I still ran down the brook, that being my only hope—though my heart told me that even that was but slight.

I could soon perceive by the howling that the wolves were again in fresh pursuit. I had ran on now for nearly half an hour, keeping in advance of the wolves, who had not the courage to attack me, when I again heard the measured bounds of the panther. My heart sank within me, and I was almost in despair, when I thought I caught a glimpse of the sky through the trees before me. I now strained every nerve, inwardly praying that this might be the case. If it was, I knew I was safe; otherwise, I could see no probable way of escape. The panther seemed to be aware of the necessity of putting forth a last effort, and gained upon me even faster than before. I could not turn to look, but I was well aware that every leap brought him nearer to me. At last I reached some thick firs, and one bound from them brought me into the open moonlight. There was a house not fifty rods from the place where I was. I knew the place at a glance. It was a mill upon the brook I had followed, situated about ten miles from my uncle's house whence I started. The panther followed me half way to the house toward which I struck with all speed. As I burst open the door, and found that I was so quickly transported from the most imminent danger to a place of security, the revulsion of my feelings was so powerful that I fell headlong upon the floor in a swoon. However, I was among friends and lacked no needful attention, and the next day was ready to hunt again—taking the precaution, however, to examine my powder-flask before I started.

Middlebury, Vt. April 26, 1839. S. G. J.

LAMENT OF MENALAUS FOR HELEN.

BY E. L. BULWER.

And wo the halls, and wo the chair,
 And wo the bridal bed—
And wo her steps, for once she loved
 The lord whose love she fled!
Lo, where, dishonor yet unknown,
He sits—nor deems his Helen flown,
Tearless and voiceless on the spot:
All desert, but he feels it not!
Ah, soon alive, to miss and mourn
The form beyond the ocean borne,
 Shall start the lonely king!
And thought shall fill the lost one's room,
And darkly through the palace gloom,
 Shall start a ghostly thing?
 Her statues meet, as round they rise,
 The leaden stare of lifeless eyes.
Where is their ancient beauty gone?—
Why loath his looks the breathing stone?
Alas, the foulness of disgrace
Hath swept the Venus from her face!
And visions in the mournful night
Shall dupe the heart to false delight,
 A false and melancholy;
For naught with sadder joy is fraught,
Than things at night by dreaming brought,
 The wished for and the holy.
Swift from the solitary side
The vision and the blessing glide,
Scarce welcome ere they sweep—
 Pale, bloodless dreams—aloft,
 On wings unseen and soft,
Lost wanderers gliding through the paths of sleep.

He who understands to govern a free people by corruption, and to lead them, by a false interest, against their true interest, cannot boast the honor of the invention; the expedient is as old as the world: and he can pretend to no other honor than that of being an humble imitator of the devil.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch—in our families, our tempers—and in society, our tongue.

THE HURRICANE.

A Sketch from the "Sea King," an unpublished novel.

BY ROBERT BURTS, U. S. N.

Thirty-six hours after the departure of the Sea King, the Sparrow-Hawk's anchor was hove up, and she stood out of the harbor of Havana under a press of canvass. As it was Sutherland's avowed intention to search for her in every part of the West Indies, he shaped his course for the Windward Islands, and touched at them all in succession, but his expedition was ineffective, and the last one of all the group sunk again in the blue waters of the Caribean without his having obtained any tidings of the vessel in question; dispirited at such ill success, he put his helm up, and again returned to leeward. For three days the weather continued favorable, the breeze blew fresh and fair, and the sky was without a cloud; but the morning of the fourth dawned loweringly upon the ocean, a fine wind had swept the Sparrow-Hawk along throughout the night watches, but with the first inclination of dawn it died away and fell a dead calm, and the air became oppressively hot and difficult of respiration; cloud after cloud too, piled up one another, and the entire mass grew blacker and blacker, until night seemed to triumph over the coming day; and again resume her ebon throne in the concave realm above.

Sutherland came on deck with a countenance unusually anxious. "Mr. Toplock," said he, "give me the trumpet—I fear we've a hurricane brewing about us—the barometer has fallen rapidly with the last half hour, and it still continues to descend." As soon as he finished this remark, he commenced issuing the necessary orders for reducing sail, the topsails were close reefed, and the fore and mizen afterward securely furled, the topgallant masts, mizen topmast, and main topsail yard, were then sent on deck, the mainsail was snugly furled, and the foresail close reefed, the flying jibboom was also rigged in, the jib hauled down, and the fore storm staysail set with both sheets trimmed flat aft. While these dispositions were going on aloft, the carpenters on deck were battening down the hatches, and rigging the pump gear; men were setting up the boats gripes, the quarter gunners housing and securing the battery, and all hands, in a word, employed in getting the ship ready to buffet for mastery with those awful blasts, that still at times sweep over the Eden-like islands of the Carribees, hurling their smiling towns and villas into terrific ruin, and carrying desolation abroad upon their waters, as if they bore indeed upon their wings the curse of an offended Deity. Still, with untiring alacrity, the crew of the Sparrow-Hawk continued their labors; but few orders came from the quarter deck, every man present knew what was to be done in such an emergency, and each of them sprang to execute whatever service had been commenced by another. The sky yet continued to darken, and the lightning now gave out the only brightness that guided the work of the mariners, and as its livid rays darted along the deck of the ship, the countenances of all on board glowed with a ghastly hue, and they seemed more as demons than as men. The thunder, which at first was but heard in low growls about the horizon, now seemed to have rolled up to the zenith, and there it commenced crashing in awful and rapid explosions.

Still it was calm, not a breath of air stirred abroad, and the anxious mariner elevated his palm in vain to ascertain the direction of the expected wind. The Sparrow-Hawk had not moved a yard in advance during the space of an hour, and her only motion was a wild roll as she obeyed the heave of a sea that seemed to respire in fearful suspense as it awaited the approach of the coming storm.

"Mr. Yarnall, this is terrible," said Sutherland, turning to his first lieutenant.

"Terrible, indeed," replied Yarnall; but in that moment none of his characteristic remarks followed the exclamation.

"Do you perceive any thing that I have left undone in getting the ship snug?"

"Nothing," responded the first lieutenant.

The lightning now continued to flash incessantly, the whole heavens were illuminated by one extended sheet of electricity, the sea too seemed an ocean of liquid fire, and the thunder crashed with a violence that caused the Sparrow-Hawk to tremble in every timber; peal succeeded peal in quick succession, and each seemed nearer than its precursor, as if a hundred thousand bars of iron had been launched from the highest pinnacle of Heaven upon the surface of the world below. It was in truth such a convulsion as the poet in the power of his fancy might have connected with the ejectment of Lucifer from the sacred places of Paradise. This was Nature's last and mightiest effort: the thunder died suddenly away, the lightning gathered itself within the bosom of the clouds, and partial obscurity again fell upon the bosom of the trembling deep.

Still no flaw of wind came from the quarter of heaven, the air was hot to suffocation, and the difficulty of respiration seemed to increase more and more, at each moment; the men fairly gasped for breath, and the perspiration rolled thick and fast from their foreheads.

"[illegible] Yarnall," [illegible] Sutherland [illegible] forest. The latter was for an instant [illegible] rude and unceremonious an appeal, but turning to the indicated direction he beheld the clouds lifting themselves rapidly from the horizon and exposing a sky of a bright brazen tinge beyond, then a flood of sickly light poured in upon the waters, and the air became suddenly as cold as the atmosphere of a high northern latitude. "'Tis coming," said Sutherland, and he had scarcely time to seize hold of the mizen rigging before the hurricane in all its wrath was upon them. Instantly the Sparrow-Hawk commenced driving through the ocean with a velocity that piled the waters about her like a bank of snow, and sent them roaring in foamy furrows astern, the wind howled through the rigging and spars, and so deafening was the chaos, that Heaven's artillery would have been all unheard amidst it.

Sutherland put the bell of the trumpet close to the quarter-master's ear; "Keep her dead before it," shouted he at the top of his voice; the quarter-master nodded assent, and cast his eyes aloft to make the course of the wind vane.

The power of the hurricane had kept down the sea, and the motion of the Sparrow-Hawk was graceful and easy, although the waters swept by her with a rapidity that was truly fearful, so great indeed was the force of the gale that the fore and main topmasts buckled forward, and threatened at every moment to snap the back stays that supported them.

"The foresail and main-topsail cannot stand it much longer," shouted Yarnall. Sutherland acknowledged the truth of the remark with a nod, but he knew it would be useless to attempt handing them, as the united force of the whole crew would be insufficient to clew up either of the sails after the sheets had been started. In another moment the fears of the first lieutenant were all verified, the main-topsail was blown out of the bolt-rope, and whirled away by the force of the tempest, and the foresail burst from its confinement and lashed and flapped itself to fragments immediately afterward, but the fore storm-staysail, was still entire, as it was so situated as to prevent the gale from acting upon its surface. The speed of the Sparrow-Hawk was greatly diminished by the accident, but though she opposed nothing but her naked spars to the wind, she still dashed ahead with terrible rapidity.

The hurricane was now at the very height of its power, and when Sutherland again looked abroad upon the ocean, he saw it covered with foam, so that it appeared more like a vast prairie, after the prevalence of a snow-storm, than the wild, unstable world of waters that it really was.

At this moment an exclamation of surprise burst from his lips, for his gaze fell suddenly upon a ship, not more than a half mile distant, driving, like the Sparrow-Hawk, before the hurricane under bare poles. He needed not a second glance to assure him that it was the Sea King, he knew her well, and a gleam of satisfaction lighted his countenance, as his eyes took in her dark hull and naked spars, for he now thought, that nothing short of the treachery of the elements could prevent her from falling into his hands.

"She shall not escape us this time, Yarnall," said Sutherland; but the Lieutenant shook his head with a doubtful signification. "She has her three topsails in snug furls aloft, sir, and we've none but the fore; and as soon as the wind abates a little she'll sheet home and be off."

"But we can bend ours, Mr. Yarnall."

"Not with the same breeze that she can spread hers."

Sutherland in silence acknowledged the truth of his subordinate's remark.

For two hours longer both ships continued dashing madly through the water, but it was now observed that the hurricane was gradually losing its power, the clouds overhead began to break and separate, and the clear blue of the firmament was in many places visible; the sea too commenced rising as the wind abated, and the Sparrow-Hawk pitched and tossed with unwonted violence.

"Set the foresail, Mr. Yarnall, that fellow is ranging rapidly ahead."

Up flew the topmen, the gaskets were cleared away, the slewlines started, and the sheets hauled home, but scarcely had it been extended a minute when it split from head to foot, and like the foresail lashed itself to fragments.

Sutherland threw down the trumpet with sheer vexation, for with the exception of the mainsail, which was of little or no use in the present case, there was not a square sail aloft. "Mr. Yarnall," said he, "let the sail-maker get up the new fore and main topsails, and foresail—we'll send them aloft as soon as the weather will permit us."

These orders was obeyed with accustomed promptitude, the spare canvass was ranged along the deck, but the gale, although it moderated in a great degree, was still too powerful to suffer it to be bent. This gave rise to much uneasiness in the mind of Sutherland, as he feared that the Sea King would embrace the earliest opportunity of spreading her sails to the breeze, nor was he mistaken, for, on turning to the stranger, he beheld the clews of her main topsail stretching themselves toward the extremities of the yard, while at the same time, the foresail fell, bellied out for a moment and then extended itself to the forecastle; in another instant the inequality of the speed of the two vessels was at once perceptible, for the Sea King commenced driving ahead at a rate that promised to put her hull down before the expiration of another watch. Sutherland's brow grew black with rage, and after uttering a fierce invective through his clenched teeth, he ordered the larboard bow chaser to be cleared away, and a shot to be thrown into her hull, the gun rang upon the breeze, but the ball passed harmlessly over her.

"She rolls too much to fire with any thing like precision," said Yarnall.

"Yes," replied the commander, "we have no alternative but to keep her in sight [illegible] time she has been under our battery with impunity."

Two hours afterward the [illegible] brilliantly [illegible] storm spirit [illegible] upon a scene [illegible] led one to [illegible] The Sparrow-Hawk was now sweeping through the ocean under [illegible] waste of water intervened between her and the Sea King, for the [illegible] ceptible on the farthest verge of the horizon.—*Corsair.*

EXPECTATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

 Heard I not the latch uprising?
 Hark, the jarring of the door?
 No—'twas playful Zephyr sighing
 Mid these reeds and willows hoar.
O! green-leaved arch, prepare for festal hour,
Thou shalt receive her, beauty-beaming [illegible]
Ye trellised branches of the fragrant bower!
A veil of pleasing gloom around her weave;
More freshly breathe, and fond caresses shower
On her fair cheeks, ye breezes of the eve,
When to this secret harbor, bound for love,
With eager haste, her fairy footsteps move.
 Hush! what through the copsewood rushes,
 Hurrying on with [illegible]
 Ah! [illegible]
 Flits away [illegible]
O! quench thy torch, fierce Day, and [illegible]
Dim, spectral night! [illegible]
Thy purple [illegible]
And [illegible]
Far from the [illegible]
Far from the [illegible]
Alone he trusts [illegible]
That, [illegible]
 Did a voice [illegible]
 Call [illegible]
 No—[illegible]
 Murmurs on the silver lake.
A flood of harmony floats through the air,
The fountain falls with a soft murmuring noise;
Kissed by fond Zephyr bends the flowret fair,
And all that breathes [illegible]
The beckoning grapes invite [illegible]
The peaches [illegible]
The gales, [illegible]
And from my flushed cheek drink the fiery glow.
 Heard I not light footsteps [illegible]
 Hark [illegible]
 No—the [illegible]
 Grown too heavy for its bough.
The dazzling eye of Day is quenched at last
 In placid Death; [illegible]
The flowers [illegible]
To ope their cups to twilight's dewy shade;
Night's radiant Queen [illegible]
Dissolved [illegible]
The zone is [illegible]
And all that's fair in unveiled beauty glows.
 Saw I not something white streaming,
 Like silken robes [illegible]
 No—[illegible]
 'Mid [illegible]
O! cease, my longing heart, thy fruitless [illegible]
Of gay illusions, [illegible]
Whose shadowy [illegible]
Can bliss [illegible]
Let me entranced [illegible]
O! let her gentle [illegible]
Let me her [illegible]
And the bright dream [illegible]
 Softly, as from heaven descending,
 Came the long-wished hour of bliss;
 Light she tripped, and, o'er me bending,
 Scared my dreams with [illegible] kiss.

PATRIARCHS.

It is delightful to behold the patriarch descending [illegible] which he is [illegible] year after year, [illegible] by the words of his counsel; but what is of far more importance, the influence of example, leading them into the paths of virtue, and illustrating by his own conduct how pleasant are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace." I have seen such an one sink like the sun, with no cloud to obscure his setting, shedding around him, as he touched the horizon of life, a mild and benignant light, and expiring as if into the arms of [illegible] gently as the shadows of evening are absorbed into the shades of the night.

The venerable [illegible] jesty amongst [illegible] over his little [illegible] of cottage [illegible] ble board, [illegible] satisfaction [illegible] monarch, [illegible] courtiers [illegible]

These [illegible] one more [illegible] whom the [illegible] relief in [illegible] prowess [illegible] of their [illegible] tely more [illegible] about on [illegible] than to be [illegible] modious [illegible] viewing a [illegible] and strug[illegible] peaceful [illegible] virtue. [illegible] other the [illegible] cle which [illegible] mon level [illegible] ture to be [illegible] calm and [illegible] moved as [illegible] which na[illegible] less perfe[illegible] excitement [illegible] pleasing; [illegible] it quits [illegible]

I have [illegible] of a quiet [illegible] arts are [illegible] remarkable [illegible] d'œuvres [illegible] the death [illegible] most dist[illegible] pressive [illegible] the atten[illegible] viewing [illegible] the image [illegible] the field [illegible] are by his [illegible] last breat[illegible] nounced [illegible] his eyes [illegible] avenue [illegible] against t[illegible] stitution, [illegible] But the [illegible] evening's [illegible] flakes [illegible] prepared [illegible] calmness [illegible] ed his de[illegible] genuine [illegible] beads, [illegible] ternal ca[illegible] touch wi[illegible]

As the [illegible] not avoid [illegible] mind, [illegible] deep and [illegible] nation, [illegible] With the [illegible] ing by t[illegible] through [illegible] him emb[illegible] The othe[illegible] and he [illegible] children [illegible] the extr[illegible] must be [illegible] threshol[illegible] other ha[illegible] driven [illegible] panoram[illegible] ing glori[illegible] claim, "[illegible] ask not [illegible] for the [illegible] death is [illegible] is better [illegible] sod to [illegible] pressed [illegible]

It would be highly unjust to impute the scurrilities of [illegible] because [illegible] cessary to constitute a scold; ill manners, impudence, a foul mouth, and a fouler heart.

The sight of the mind differs very much from the sight of the body, and its operations are frequently the reverse of the other; objects at a distance [illegible] ter, wh[illegible] magnitude, and diminish as they are brought nearer.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

THE COCOONERY—FIXTURES—FEEDING SILK WORMS.

BY GIDEON B. SMITH.

In the construction of cocooneries, regard should be had to convenience of form and eligibility of the site. A long low building is more convenient than one several stories high; and a high airy situation is preferable to a low one.—A building intended to accomodate 1,000,000 of worms, must be eighty feet long by forty feet in width, one story high; or in that proportion. I think a better form would be one hundred feet by thirty-two in width, which would afford the same room. A plain frame building is best. It should be weather-boarded, and instead of lathes and plaister, the walls should be tightly boarded also. There should be windows every six or eight feet on each side, with shutters; and ventilators along the sides near the floor, and under each row of hurdles, and also in the ceiling, to admit of a free circulation of air when necessary; and so arranged with shutters that they may be closed at pleasure. The building should be raised three or four feet from the ground, on pillars, to insure its freedom from damp and to admit the passage of pure air from below. This also renders it more inaccessible to rats and mice, which are very destructive to silk worms. It will be a great advantage if the building have an upper story or half story, as it will protect the cocoonery in the lower story from the heat of the sun, and will be very useful as a store room for cocoons, and many other uses. Where there are high trees to shade the roof they will be found of great benefit; but they should be trimmed of their branches as high as the top of the building, to guard against dampness and to secure a free circulation around the building.—Fire places should be provided in each side and end of the cocoonery, for the purpose of drying the atmosphere in damp weather. Or, what is still better, air furnaces may be provided in small cellars under each end of the cocoonery, for this purpose.

The Fixtures for a cocoonery are properly constructed hurdles or shelves on which to feed the worms. There are probably, no two cocooneries in existence alike in this respect.—Some have nothing but simple board shelves, six to eight feet long, supported upon cleets at each end, and made to draw out and in at pleasure. Others have frames of the same dimensions, with net work bottoms, and provided with sliding shelves two or three inches below to catch the ordure that falls from them. I have preferred the latter to simple boards; but Mr. Whitmarsh, who has for many years fed worms extensively, and who at first used net work hurdles, prefers the simple boards, and now uses them altogether. Of course there can be but little, if any advantage in the former, or he would not have abandoned them, and there must be some advantage in the latter, to authorise his laying aside the net work and resorting to the board shelves in his extensive establishment.

Hurdles.—The net work hurdles may be made most cheaply in the *following* manner:—The frames are *formed* like the outside frames of a window sash, of seasoned pine or poplar stuff, an inch thick, and about two inches wide. Mark off the sides and ends on the upper surface with compasses, three-fourths of an inch apart, and place half inch tacks with heads in the marks driven nearly to the head. Then take a ball of doubled and twisted cotton twine, tie the end of the first tack on one corner, and pass it to the other side, around the heads of two of the tacks next to the opposite corner, drawing tightly, and return to the second tack on the first, passing round the head of that and the next, and returning to the third and fourth tacks on the other side, and so on till all the tacks are occupied, and driving down the tacks so that they will confine the twine. Then turn the hurdle the other way, and fasten the end of the twine to the first tack in the corner and pass the doubled twine alternately over and under two of the cross threads to the other side, passing the loop over two tacks drawing them tightly and driving down the tacks; thus continuing till the hurdle is finished. The meshes will thus be three-quarters of an inch square. I have made them by perforating the frames with a brad awl: and others make them by sawing the frames across at the proper distances, about a quarter of an inch deep and passing the twine through the track made by the saw. I think those made with tacks much the simplest, and as good as any other.—Messrs. Jenks and Ramsburg of Frederick make them in that way. A couple of men can make twenty to thirty a day. Others make regular netting and stretch it over the corners of the frames and confine it to them with cords. The size of these hurdles depends upon the fancy of those who make them. They are generally four to six feet long, and two or three feet wide. I think two and a half feet by four, the most convenient size.

Standing Posts.—To support the hurdles, upright posts are required from the floor to the ceiling, just far enough apart, lengthwise, to admit the hurdles between them. If the hurdles are five feet long and two and a half wide, then the posts should be five feet apart in the clear, to slide like a drawer. The posts may be made from three-inch joists. For small establishments, or when the room is required for other purposes after the silkworms have done with it, moveable frames are made by merely morticing cross and side braces into the posts near the top and bottom. They may then be moved about conveniently. When net hurdles are used, it is necessary to have other shelves with either board or paper bottoms, to slide under the net hurdles two or three inches below them, to catch the filth that falls from the netting above. Some have them made like the frames of the hurdles, and covered with thin cotton cloth, others cover them with paper. But I think thin boards will be found most convenient, and in the end, the cheapest. The great object to be gained in choosing the kind of hurdles is, to accomodate the greatest number of worms in the least possible space, and yet to allow them sufficient room, with a free circulation of air, and also to be convenient for feeding and cleaning. The frames for the hurdles should, therefore, be arranged in rows, with alleys between them, wide enough to afford room for the attendants to pass freely, with large baskets of leaves. The alleys ought to be, at least, four feet wide.

Hatching the Eggs, and Feeding the Silkworms—next claims our attention. The proper season for hatching the egg is, when the mulberry leaves, in an ordinary season, have attained the size of half a dollar. Naturally the silkworm will hatch without human aid simultaneously with the development of the mulberry leaf; but it is best to keep them back a week or two if possible, that the leaves may attain some size. If the eggs have been kept in an ice-house, it would be well to take them thence to a cellar, and thence to a cool room, leaving them twenty-four hours in each, and then to the hatching-room. A sudden transition from the low temperature of the ice-house to that of the hatching room, might injure them. When they have been kept in a cellar, they ought to remain a day or two in a cool room before exposure to the warm hatching room. If the weather be warm, the hatching room will be warm enough without artificial heat; but, if it be below 70°, it ought to be raised to that degree by means of a stove.—The hatching room may be any small room that can be conveniently kept warm, and should be provided with hatching tables; these may be ordinary, plain tables, of a sufficient size to accommodate the number of eggs to be hatched. A table ten feet long and three feet wide, will accommodate a million. The sheets of paper containing the eggs are to be spread out on the tables, and left to hatch. All that is to be done is to keep the room warm, and to increase the temperature gradually, for which purpose a thermometer in the room is convenient. After a few days exposure in the hatching room, the eggs will begin to hatch; but very few will come out the first day, and need not be attended to. On the second day, a large number will come out and then mulberry leaves must be laid over them, when the little worms will soon attach themselves to the leaves, and must be removed to another table, by taking hold of the stem of the leaf, and bearing it to the table. The table should be marked, to indicate the first day's hatching, as the produce of each day must be kept separate from the others. The same course must be pursued with the next day and the day following but not longer, for the few worms that do not come out during the three days are not worth attending to, and should be thrown away. The worms always come out in the morning, and should be removed to their tables and fed immediately, the leaves on which they were removed being their first meal, and will last them till toward evening, when fresh leaves should be laid over them.

Cutting the Leaves.—Some persons direct the leaves to be cut into small pieces while the worms are small, but I never could discover any advantage in it, as the worms will cut them fast enough, as Mr. Whitmarsh well remarks. A young worm, not two hours old will cut through the middle of the oldest and hardest mulberry leaf in two minutes. In feeding the worms, my rule is, to give them a few leaves at a time, and to supply them—night and day. It is directed by the French and Italian writers, that a certain quantity, by weight, must be given them a certain number of times each day; but I have always found that they do best, begin to spin their cocoons soonest, and make better and more silk, when fed as much as they can eat, night and day, from the time they are hatched till they begin to spin. I do not recommend large quantities of leaves to be laid upon the hurdles at one time, but rather moderate ones, and that they should be continually watched, and supplied with fresh food as often as the former supply is consumed, or becomes in the least *wilted*, even if they require feeding every hour. I cannot sufficiently impress upon the mind of the reader the importance of this rule. It may startle some persons to be told that they must attend to the worms at night, and therefore it is as well to inform them that they need not do so; that they will make excellent silk and a fair profit, too, by feeding well during the day, and giving them a full feed at night. But they must be informed that, for every two nights they omit feeding the worms one day will be added to the time of feeding, and that the produce of silk will be diminished in proportion as the time is lengthened.

The Moulting (or shedding of the skins) of the worms, takes place four times, and generally from five to seven days apart, depending on the manner in which they are attended. Those fed upon the *high pressure* system (above recommended,) will moult every four or five days; and those fed upon the ordinary systems will generally moult every seven or nine days. These periods of moulting are of no other interest to the attendant, than affording convenient periods for cleaning the hurdles, which should be done as soon as the worms revive. The times of moulting will be readily seen, by the worms neglecting their food, concealing themselves under the leaves, &c. and appearing to sleep. At these times, no food should be given them, nor should they be molested in any way. They generally remain dormant about thirty hours.

[*Concluded next week.*]

From the National Gazette.

An experienced and scientific friend has given many years attention to the subject of the following paper, and it may demand attention on the score as well of its intrinsic importance, as of the respectability of its source.

AMERICAN SILK.

Messrs. Editors—The silk season is at hand; the silk worms' eggs are hatching; the little animals begin to feed; in a few weeks the cocoons will be produced, probably in great abundance. What shall we do with them?

Few persons, I believe, have reflected upon this question, or tried to answer it rationally to themselves. The silk fever is raging without any determinate object. The quacks and pretenders have fair play; the still, small voice of experience and knowledge is hardly listened to: Why so? Have the Americans ceased to be a sensible and an intelligent people? No. But—but.

But—the spirit of speculation, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up every thing; we speculate in mulberry trees, in silk worms' eggs, in reeling machines; every quack has his nostrum; the universal cry is who'll buy? who'll buy?

Of all these speculations, that in the *morus multicaulis*, appears to me the most reasonable, because, whatever may happen, it cannot but turn to the advantage of the country. I am glad to see that it prevails, even to the extent of a *mania*; I am glad to see that even at public sales, the mulberry trees sell rapidly and at high prices; there cannot be too many of those trees in our country, and I wish to see them planted in sufficient numbers on every acre of ground; I care very little for the profit or loss of the speculators; let them look to it, it is none of my business; but I know that it will result in a lasting benefit to the country, and that is enough for me.

But how and in what manner will it turn to the advantage of the country? The spirit of speculation answers: "That is none of my business!" *Robin's alive, and alive like to be!*—Who'll buy my mulberry trees? Who'll buy?

But *Robin* will surely die, unless proper measures are taken to make your speculation permanently profitable to the country at large, and I do not perceive that any such measures are likely to be taken. It was not so in former times. In the year 1732, the State (then Colony) of Georgia gave you the first example by establishing a *filature* at Savannah, which produced, as by magic, mulberry trees, cocoons and raw silk, which was exported in large quantities to England, and then the silk culture was *profitable*. In 1770, the same thing was done at Philadelphia, by the advice of the great Franklin, and it produced the same effects, which were arrested only, as in Georgia, by the war of the Revolution. It was then understood and nobody thought of denying it, that the *reeling* of the silk from the cocoons, was a difficult art, without the knowledge of which it was impossible to derive profit from the silk culture.—In the year 1830, the same thing was well understood by the National Legislature of this country, and but for constitutional scruples, they would have introduced that art into this country. The thing was then again tried in this city, by a small filature of ten reels, which immediately opened a market for cocoons, and produced raw silk which was approved of by the connoisseurs in England and France. Why then, is not that same method pursued, since it is known to be the only one which can give a real permanent value to cocoons, to silk worms, and to mulberry trees?

We answer; *We have changed all that!* "We have *obscure* Franklins, and *obscure* Fultons, whose names have not yet blazed in the European world and who have discovered that the reeling of silk from the cocoons is not a difficult art; that it can be performed in [illegible] the cocoon, but *twist* it into *thrown* silk, which wants only to be dyed in order to be employed in the manufacture of those elegant silk stuffs, for which we pay to Europe seventeen millions a year. Will it be believed that this *foolish* doctrine was proclaimed to the world by a committee of Congress of 1837-38, and is now received as Gospel truth by the people of the United States? How different this Congress from that of 1830-31, and even from that of 1832, notwithstanding their constitutional scruples, which after all, betrayed no ignorance, such as that of the *parliamentum indoctum* which has just expired!

DANDOLO.

Communication.

PLANTING MULBERRY TREES.

Mr. Editor—So many hundreds of thousands, nay millions of cuttings, of the Multicaulis have been lost this spring, by injudicious planting, that I deem it very important to put the public upon their guard for the future. The early and severe drought of last year has caused a large proportion of those persons who are propagating this invaluable plant, to put them down early this season, for the purpose of having them well rooted, before another drought should overtake them; and I am a severe sufferer among the number of premature planters. By experience I find it to be a great mistake to plant cuttings while the ground is cold—three out of four of all my fine Buds have rotted, although planted in a very beautiful sandy soil, from the middle of April to the 10th of May—those planted last have done much the best, and a few rows of the very last planting, happening upon a warm time, have nearly every one come up, and are far more thrifty than those which have come up of the first planting. Close observation has clearly demonstrated to my mind, that if the buds are put into the ground when it is warm and moist, the bud and the roots start almost instantly—the heat causing a healthy action of the sap immediately, whereas, if they are planted when the ground is cold, they will not vegetate, and unless of remarkable vigor, the damp strikes into the seeds and also into the bud, and decay ensues. Since I have found this by sad experience, I have conversed with experienced nursery men, who corroborate these opinions, and who, I find, are themselves practising late planting. The roots of trees are an exception to this rule—they will not suffer like the buds from early planting, although it is doubtful if even with these, any benefit arises. Of those which I planted early I lost many from frost, last Thursday two weeks; the ground at present is in a fine state for planting, and I should advise those who have trees to be up and doing—nothing is to be gained by delaying longer than the first week in June in this latitude. Accounts of the loss of buds from this cause, (early planting) are daily coming in from the South also. I would advise and request silk culturists to keep minutes of the dates of planting, and the success attending the different periods, for general information next year—as I am quite certain there need not be a loss of one bud in ten.

A. Z.

FORGERY.

A young man, calling himself J. H. Mears, recently presented himself at the store of Heberton, Heiskell & Hoskins, of this city, with two letters—one purporting to have been written by a Dr. Harris, a highly respectable gentleman of Memphis, (Tenn.) introducing a Mr. Coleman, a very respectable merchant and planter of that country, and the other purporting to have been written by Mr. Coleman, stating his inability to come on to make his purchases, but that in his stead he had sent on his partner, Mears, who had full power to make purchases, &c. and at the same time exhibiting a letter of credit on Messrs. Maurin & Co. of New Orleans, for $10,000. The house in question being somewhat suspicious, wrote immediately to New Orleans to make inquiry and received for reply that no such person was known to Messrs. Maurin & Co. Mears had, however, in the mean time, succeeded in making purchases of goods, which were shipped from some other houses, but of which he had not, fortunately, the bills of lading in his possession, the goods having been consigned to the captain. Mears borrowed a trifle some days since, and went, as he alleged, to Baltimore, but has been traced as bound to the West. The house using these precautions, had sold to him to some amount, on condition of receiving the letter of credit and an assignment of some Southern lands as a depository, both of which were placed at once in their hands, but they had not shipped any of their goods.

A meeting of the parties concerned was held yesterday, and a reward of $500 offered, we understand, for his apprehension. No fears are entertained of the loss of the goods shipped, but some delay and expense will be incurred by the owners.—*North American.*

Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Joseph W. Jayne, Esq. of this city, now travelling in the west is agent for the Saturday Evening Post in the States of New York and Michigan. He is also authorised to act as agent for the new proprietors of the Casket and Philadelphia Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our *faithful* correspondent "M." has exhausted his bile, and seems to lament the trouble he has occasioned us. We scarcely know what to say to the fellow, he is so utterly grandiloquent, and *mad*. The waste of *paper*, *ink* and thought, no doubt has made him raving, but we hope he will console himself with the reflection that he is not the only great man who has overrated, and overtaxed his abilities.

The article from the pen of our young friend "H. J. V." shall appear. A little care and polishing, will make him a *tuneful* poet. There is occasionally a *halting* line; such may be found, however, in the writings of men of greater experience and fame. Let him lay his productions aside for a time, till the flush of excitement, awakened by the composition, is over, and then test the "gingle of his rhyme" by that unerring criterion the ear, and with the exercise of the judgment displayed in his productions, we will warrant him success.

"*The Jilted One*," shall appear at an early day.

The lines sent us by F. with a request not to notice the signature in full, have too many errors for our columns. They have evidently been hastily written, and even the copy forwarded to us, bears the marks of a negligent transcriber.

"S. H." is ever welcome. Can we have an interview with the author?—and where?—and when?

POSTPONEMENT.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Methodist Protestant Church, (Rev. Mr. Wilson's,) in the district of Kensington, which was to take place on Monday last, if the weather permitted, was postponed, on account of the rain, until Monday next, June 3d, when the services will take place on the ground next the corner of West and Marlborough streets, at four o'clock, P. M. Rev. T. H. Stockton will deliver an address on the occasion.

DR. DYOTT.

The case of this individual after occupying the attention of the court for some weeks, has been submitted to the jury. His counsel made a desperate effort for his salvation, pouring forth their scorn and indignation in no measured terms upon all, who in the least degree, either remotely or nearly, gave an indication of sentiment prejudicial to the prisoner. One of the gentlemen indulged himself in round invective upon the guardians of the press, for the free and handsome manner in which they have expressed their opinions upon the culpability of his client, and, if eloquent denunciation of the whole editorial corps, had the least tendency in establishing in the mind of the jury, the innocency of the good doctor, we have not the least doubt of [illegible] of such laudable attempts to lead them astray, should persist in the inquiry, and demand the whereabouts of all the money wrenched from the laboring and honest poor, we fancy that that portion of the learned gentleman's *say*, will be as a feather in the scale.

The charge of Judge Conrad to the jury was eloquent, impressive, and clear, establishing the fame of judicial ability so fairly earned by his merits. There was no wandering from the point, no flippancy with which some judges delight to entertain other ears than those of the criminal, and to reach other minds than those of the jury, but a close, connected, and logical arrangement of evidence, most searchingly sifted, and pertinently applied—sophistry was analysed and exposed, false issues were discarded, and the points for the consideration of the jury were so clearly and fully presented, that no man could possibly have retired from the jury box ignorant of his duty.

The jury, we presume, will be out for some time, and surmises are afloat that they will not agree, this we hope will prove untrue.

MISS SHIRRIFF.

This truly accomplished vocalist has been giving a series of Concerts in this city during the week, and has won golden opinions. She has not the rich, full notes of Mrs. Watson, but there is a silvery clearness, and a sweetness of sound in her tones, which, like the warble of a bird steals over the soul most meltingly. In some of her pieces she is superior to, in others by no means the equal of Mrs. Watson, whose Concerts at the Museum are highly and deservedly popular.

Philadelphians appear of late, as if musicmad. We have all kinds of *Concerts*, and even a little humbugging in some is kindly passed over, for the sake of the *name*. Now this may all be very considerate and courteous, and with al very becoming in this sedate community, but it would reflect more honor upon the critics of the press, if they would speak out honestly what they think. The system of indiscriminate puffing, is not calculated to advance merit or to restrain folly and impudence, though it may occasionally assist to gull honest citizens out of their money.

STEAMBOAT SUNK.

A slip from the office of the Mobile Advertiser says:—"The steamboat Pilot struck a snag on M'Intire's shoals, in the Warrior, on Saturday, and sank in less than ten minutes, in eleven feet water. She was descending the river, and it is said the boat will be a total loss, with the exception of her machinery, furniture and rigging, which will probaly be saved.

ARRIVAL EXTRA.

The National Gazette says, that the iron steamer Robert F. Stockton, has arrived at New York. She left London, as near as we can recollect, about the 7th of last month. This vessel was built at Greenock, Scotland. She is only seventy-one feet long, and ten feet broad midships, and is wholly of iron. She is intended to ply on the Delaware and Raritan Canal, being fitted for Ericson's patent engine. Her machinery, except the wheel, which was brought in the Quebec, was stowed away in her hold, and she crossed the Atlantic with temporary sails; her ability to weather a rough sea having been tested during her trip from Greenock to London. The experiment however, was justly deemed extremely hazardous, and many prudent friends of her intrepid master, endeavored to dissuade him from attempting it.

A REMEDY.

It is stated by the Pittsburgh Advocate that fine sand scattered upon the leaves of trees while wet with dew, will free them of catterpillars. The grains adhere to the viscerous matter upon their feet and they fall off. No probable method should be untried of preserving the beautiful shade trees of our city from the ravages of these insects.

LITERARY.

"*Adam Buff*, and Other Men of Character," by Duglass Jerrold, in 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard.

These volumes contain some fine bits at English men and manners. We have had time to read but a sketch or two, yet we should judge from the sample that the author has been eminently successful.

"*Isabel of Sicily*," by Henry J. Tuckerman, author of the Italian Sketch Book 1 vol. Lea & Blanchard. The author of this work has adopted a handsome form in which to present thoughts to the public, suggested by a tour through Sicily. He has departed from the beaten track, followed by most travellers, and has embodied his thoughts in the form of a story, which relieves the otherwise dry detail of a journal, and gives life and animation to the scenes through which he passed.

"*The Young Merchant*,"—by R. W. Pomeroy, No. 5 Minor street. This little manual contains much sound instruction, and may be read with profit by the important class of the community to which it is dedicated.

We learn with pleasure that the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, have in press and will soon publish "*Brougham's Historical Sketches*," of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. These sketches are characterised by great force and compass of thought, and a certain lofty, nervous dashing style, which reminds us of the eloquence of Bolingbroke, mingled with the philosophy of Burke. No writer in the English language has a greater knowledge of the art of *grouping* moral beauty, if we may use the term, or of giving dignity to character, by the position in which he draws his sketches. We predict that the work will be eminently popular.

The publishers have also a beautiful edition of the works of Mrs. Hemans in press, which will soon appear.

PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES.

The Assemblies both Old and New School of the Presbyterian Church, adjourned during the past week. Nothing of importance occurred in either body in reference to a reconciliation. Committees were appointed by each body, to act in the interim of the sessions, but whether they are clothed with discretionary powers or not, has not transpired. It is to be feared that the breach between the bodies will never be healed, and that another will be added to the many melancholy lessons of the folly and sin, of following in religious bodies, the footsteps and suggestions of ambitious leaders; for whatever may be the ostensible zeal of one party for the purity of doctrines, or the tenacity of the other, for the maintenance of positions, which in the course of the controversy they have assumed, we believe that both have been rather more intent upon the success of the favorite faction, than for the sustenance and support of "religion undefiled." There has been a spirit too, of tyranical overbearing, and a grasping of means to insure success; which can never be approved by the conscientious, and the pure of heart, among themselves.

WAR SHIPS.

The Norfolk Beacon says, there will shortly be a very formidable squadron of our ships of war in the Gulf of Mexico, greater in the number and calibre of square rigged vessels than, perhaps, has ever been under the command of a single officer, or assembled at a single foreign port in peace. In the first place, the frigate Constitution will shortly be at Vera Cruz. The squadron of Commodore Shubrick consists of the flag ship the Macedonian frigate, the Ontario, Vandalia, Levant, Erie, Warren, and Natchez sloop of war. When the Constitution joins this squadron, we will be able to frighten the Mexicans as badly as the French did. There must be some design in keeping such a naval force in the Gulf of Mexico.

The editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post has lately paid a visit to a large field of Morus Multicaulis, and thus writes of the [illegible]—*N. Y. Whig.*

It is *clear*, that the editor of the Whig must have been quite *dull*, when he penned the above paragraph. He does not appear to have had a *shooting* idea.

SUCCESS OF AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

Correspondence of the Courier and Enquirer.

Rio Janeiro, March 9, 1839.

Nothing has been heard here from the national exploring expedition, since their departure from this port. The brig Medina, Capt. Elijah Hallet, arrived here on the 7th inst. direct from South Georgia, in a passage of 17 days, being one of three vessels fitted out by Mr. Burrows, of your city to survey the Southern frozen ocean, and the result confers great honor on the American flag. Mr. B. sailed from this port in the Medina during the month of June last, and at the Falkland Islands was joined by two other of his vessels—the brig Oceola, Capt. R. S. Hallet, and schr. Mary Jane, Capt. Parsons. With this little fleet, three in number, he made sail from those islands for the frozen seas, and five days after fell in with a field of icebergs twenty-five miles in length and 300 feet high, the whole presenting the same uniform and level appearance as a sheet of new made ice.

They found large bays and good harbors around the iceberg, but no anchorage except by fastening to the ice. The outer edge of the ice was on all sides perpendicular cliffs about 300 feet high, and so similar to the appearance of many shores, particularly the chalky cliffs of England, that it would only be known as ice from the thermometer or by approaching very near. At this place the Oceola, Captain R. S. Hallet, was separated from the other vessels, and did not again join them until they reached South Georgia. The Medina and Mary Jane the next day after this re-discovered the Aurora Islands, six in number, and Mr. Burrows took five different drawings of them. This discovery is most gratifying and astonishing. The islands were discovered and described about 80 years since by the ship San Miguel, and since that have been stricken from the charts, and said not to exist.

About 40 years ago the Spanish government dispatched the sloop of war Atrivida to survey those islands, and the officers of this ship actually surveyed icebergs and placed them on the charts as the Aurora Islands. Soon after this several of the most distinguished navigators, among the number Captain Waddell, of the British navy, cruised over the ground in all directions, and unanimously agreed that they did not exist. They have been accordingly expunged from the latest English and American charts, but must be again restored through the enterprise of the Yankee spirit. The islands are six in number, about 300 feet high, running north and south for the distance, say 2½ miles, without any ship passage between them. They are in lat. 53 deg. 22 min. long. 44 deg. 18 min. W. and 26 miles north of the Shag Rocks, which doubtless from a part of the same ridge of mountains. I have not been able to send you a drawing of their appearance. These islands lying in the track that vessels are often driven to, when bound round Cape Horn, makes the replacing of them on the charts a valuable acquisition to those who navigate those seas; and it is now believed that the Spanish seventy-four, which sailed for the Pacific Ocean with about 800 souls and was never heard from, was wrecked on these islands.

I learn from Capt. Hallet that the fatigues, exertions and dangers of Mr. B. encountered, were astonishing. He was shipwrecked on an iceberg, 5 miles from Georgia, and by a miracle was rescued by another boat that was driven by an accident to the spot where he was. For three days he had with his boat's crew been on this iceberg, being without food. His health, however, appears better than when he went South. We all wish him a happy return to his country, with the rich reward his toil and industry merit, and a long enjoyment with his friends in North America; and can only say if the same zeal animates the national expedition, and all on board, that has this individual undertaking, a great triumph is in store for our country.

I am, sir, with great respect, &c. yours, truly,

J. G.

From Texas.—By papers from Galveston, to the 17th, we perceive the town was occupied in courtesies to Admiral Baudin and the officers of the French ships at that port. The Admiral was received at the wharf by the Mayor, Mr. Allen, and conducted in a carriage to General Baker's, Mr. Newell, the U. S. Consul's, &c. On the 15th, a large party of ladies and gentlemen accompanied him to the Zavala steamer, on board the Noreide frigate, where a splendid banquet was prepared. The squadron shortly after sailed for Havana. The Mayor and Council of Galveston conferred on the Admiral the freedom of the city. He is said to speak good English.

FRONTIER TROUBLES.

Col. Worth and the Brockville Authorities.—The Montreal Herald of Friday, contains a tirade violently explosive against Colonel Worth, for his conduct in the recent affair at Brockville. We have already published a brief account of the matter, but the following details, which we copy from the Times and Advertiser, will no doubt prove interesting.

On Friday, the 17th ultimo, the schooner G S. Weeks, Turner, master, laden with merchandise, from Oswego, consigned to Morristown, Brockville, and Ogdensburgh, put into the port of Brockville for the purpose of discharging that part of her cargo consigned to the place. The usual papers were sent to the Collector, and the deputy gave a permit to unload the merchandise consigned to that place.

Among the deck freight was a six pound cannon, belonging to the State of New York, and shipped by the Commissary General for the Artillery Company of this place, under command of A. B. James, Esq. On the discovery of the gun, some of the overloyal subjects of Brockville rallied in considerable force, and manifested a disposition to seize the gun. The captain and crew resisted, and as the weight of the gun was considerable, the captain and his men were enabled to retain the property till Col. Duncan Frazer, Collector of the District, distinguished by a valiant and safe attack upon the Steamboat United States, not long since, came up and lent his aid to the mob by taking possession of the whole property, schooner and all. The gun was given up to the mob the property marked with the brand of conquest, and the victors paraded the streets in triumphal procession, firing a new gun, &c.

The steamboat United States carried up the facts of the case to Col. Worth, on Friday evening, and with characteristic promptitude he came to the rescue, arriving at 4 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday. He sent a respectful inquiry to the Collector, asking on what grounds the schooner was detained. The deputy stated in reply, that he could give no answer in the absence of his principal, but several of the authorities of Brockville came off, and Col. Worth was surprised to find that the vessel was detained without any color of irregularity in her papers and without the allegation of any impropriety on the part of the captain.

Col. Worth then discovered that it was a most infamous outrage without plausible pretext of any kind, and expressed his opinion freely to the Brockville authorities, and signified his determination to rescue the property. Col. Marshall an efficient sort of a man, attempted to justify on the ground of the gun, but Col. Worth would listen to no such grounds. The Brockvillians became somewhat alarmed by this interview, and efforts were made to find some cause of complaint against the vessel. Fixed ammunition was carried on board several times, which the captain discovered, and threw overboard, showing them that he was a tolerable hand to detect contraband articles. Col. Marshall placed a guard of thirty regulars over the schooner, all that were stationed at the place.

Saturday evening Col. Worth came down to Prescott and made a peremptory demand of Col. Frasier for the release of the schooner and her cargo. The answer was delayed till 10 o'clock on Sunday.

At the hour appointed the collector sent his answer, saying that the vessel and its cargo would be given up.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.

Many persons who are unacquainted with the manner in which American Securities are held in this country, have expressed surprise that no material depreciation in their value has occurred since the proceedings of the Governor of Maine, with respect to the boundary question, were made known. This arises entirely from there being no speculation in them, and the purchasers, whenever they are made, being *bona fide* investments, with a view of obtaining a better rate of interest than they can get at home; and therefore, as long as the dividends are regularly paid, there will be none of those violent fluctuations which so often take place in the stocks which are extensively speculated in at the Stock Exchange, where the slightest event is taken advantage of by one party or another to produce an effect on the prices. The holders of American stocks evidently apprehend nothing very serious from the occurrences in Maine, for, as we stated the day before yesterday, there have been scarcely any sales since we were in possession of the news on this subject. Great misconception also prevails as to the amount of the debts of the different States of the American Union and the extent of the stocks held here, which it will perhaps, be important to remove at this moment. It has been repeatedly stated that these debts exceed in the aggregate the amount of the American national debt previous to its liquidation, but it will be found, by reference to any statistical work in America, that in 1816 the national debt was at its height, being then $127,000,000, or about 25,500,000*l.*; and the debt of the different States collectively now amount [illegible] it is estimated at upward of 16,000,000, which necessarily makes a very material difference in the ratio of the present debt as compared with the national debt of that period; while in 1816 the production of cotton was under 500,000 bales, whereas in 1837 the crop exceeded 1,600,000 bales, being in value about 18,000,000 sterling. In 1835 the national debt was finally paid off, and therefore it is only fair to argue that if the United States could extinguish 26,000,000*l.* in nine years, her growth in wealth and population since that period ought to be a guarantee for the loans subsequently raised by the individual States. The national debt was incurred for the expense of war, and was a dead loss to the country, but the money borrowed by the individual States is for productive purposes, such as canals, railroads, banks, &c. the revenue of which are specially pledged, in addition to the faith and general resources of the States. These are facts from which the public can draw their own conclusions.

All the different States do not, however, it must be borne in mind, present the same solid security, but the investments in this country have chiefly been in the better descriptions. As regards the sale of American securities, it must also be recollected that the United States are notoriously good customers of this country, their imports from Europe even now very considerably exceed the value of their exports, and the balance principally is paid for through the sale here, in Holland, France, &c. of their public stocks; so that we have an interest, in fact, in the successful introduction of American securities into the European markets, and this is a point well understood in our manufacturing districts, where these stocks are held in large amounts. All, however, which we shall venture to recommend is that the public should examine into the character and object for which each of these State stocks respectively have been created, and not allow themselves to be alarmed or led away by statements which constantly appear without any foundation whatever. Of the $120,700,000, the present debt of the American Union collectively, $75,000,000 is the proportion stated as set apart for internal improvement, about $40,000,000 for banking, and the remainder for miscellaneous objects. The debt of these States, as compared with the population, is about seven dollars, or about a guinea and a half, to each individual. To make the matter more easily understood, however, as regards the debt, we have formed the accompanying statement to show the amount of the liability of each State, and the extent held in this country. It is taken chiefly from the reports of the Accountant General and other public documents, and does not include the amount of public stocks, shares, &c. but in specifying the sums held in England we include the stocks placed here as security for loans, which are to some extent. The whole or the greater part of the Kentucky and Tennessee debts we believe, is so deposited, although we have reckoned them among the quantity held as investments. The amount in England, it will be seen, is about 14,000,000 sterling, or rather more than half the whole debt:—

STATES.			Am'nt. held in England.
	$	£	£
Pennsylvania,	24,141,063 or	4,828,000	3,000,000
Louisiana,	19,735,000—	3,947,000	2,000,000
New York,	10,406,152—	2,081,230	1,400,000
Alabama,	10,800,000—	2,160,000	1,400,000
Maryland,	8,511,980—	1,702,396	1,000,000
Ohio,	6,101,000—	1,220,200	1,000,000
Mississippi,	7,000,000—	1,400,000	600,000
Massachusetts,	4,290,000—	858,000	400,000
Maine,	551,976—	110,395	None.
Virginia,	4,129,700—	825,940	400,000
South Carolina,	5,763,770—	1,152,754	450,000
Kentucky,	3,185,000—	636,000	637,000
Tennessee,	789,166—	157,833	157,833
Indiana,	5,438,000—	1,087,600	1,000,000
Illinois,	3,000,000—	600,000	400,000
Missouri,	2,000,000—	400,000	None.
Arkansas,	3,000,000—	600,000	ditto.
Michigan,	1,810,000—	362,000	ditto.
	$120,691,750-	£24,138,348	£13,794,833

Riot at Dunkirk.—A gentleman just from Dunkirk informs us that considerable excitement prevails there, in consequence of violation having been committed by a gang of blacks on the person of a white woman within two miles of that place. After the deed, the negroes, it is said, set the house on fire and made their escape. One of them was, however, identified by the husband, and arrested. This enraged the others of the gang, who set fire to another dwelling the following day, (Saturday) and it is reported one of the blacks was shot dead on the spot. Our informant states that there was much excitement in the town, but as his business was urgent, he could not gather particulars.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

FOREIGN.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Hibernia, Captain Cobb, from Liverpool, we have advices to the 22d of April, and by the England, Capt. Waite, to the 24th, four days later than those brought by the Liverpool steamer. The news is generally unimportant. It will be seen that the Whig ministry has succeeded in the House of Commons, on the Irish question, by a majority of twenty-one, being more than had been expected. Before this vote transpired we had reason to believe that Lord Melbourne would find his power rather confirmed than weakened. Between the Tories and Whigs, however unpopular the latter may be, the Radicals will most probably sustain their policy, as preferable at least to that of the former.

The annexed extracts from the English papers are collated by the New York Journal of Commerce.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

The Ministerial Triumph.—The resolution moved by Lord John Russell April 12, "that it is the opinion of this house that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the Executive government of Ireland of late years, and which have tended to the effectual administration of the law, and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom," was carried without amendment, after five days' debate, at four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, by a majority of 22 votes, out of an aggregate of 614. A sketch of the debate down to the last days' sitting, we have already published. On that day Lord Morpeth distinguished himself by a brilliant speech in favor of the Administration The conclusion, says the Liverpool Albion, was admirable; and produced a great effect upon the House.

"His appeal, that night, was to the members of the sister counties, to the representatives of enlightened Scotland and of imperial England.—(Hear, hear!) It was to them that he appealed; it was to them that he made the entreaty that they would not turn a deaf ear to the call which vibrated through the heart's core of Ireland; to that call which was kindled by the national warmth of her people, and sharpened by the national memory of wrong.—(Cheers.) He should abstain on this occasion, from entering into any question of mere general policy. Ireland was the battle-field on which during the career of the present Administration, almost all the chief conflicts, both of party and opinion, had been fought. Ireland was, too, also, the topic which, on this occasion, had been singled out and selected as the point on which to press the Administration home: to damage, if possible, its reputation, and to fix upon it an abiding sting.—(Hear!) Else what was the object of the recent demonstration in the House of Lords, whether it were to be taken according to the turn which honorable gentlemen had found it more convenient to give it, at least, if this might be judged by the words of the proposed amendment, which might be characterised in the lines already supplied by the honorable member for Belfast,

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;"

—(Hear, hear)—or, whether it were to be taken according to what he (Lord Morpeth) suspected to be the more accurate conception of the matter, but an attempt to supersede Government in the due conduct and control of the Executive Government of Ireland, and to substitute another system utterly at variance with it?—(Hear, hear!) "But be this as it may," said the noble lord, in conclusion, "at all events we are now determined to have this point cleared up—(Cheers). We will not accept your commentaries, nor your gloss, nor your palliations. We will leave no room for ambiguity: we have had enough of partial attacks and isolated charges, of inuendoes and abuse, of motions for papers here, and committees there.—(Hear) We now come for a direct, an unequivocal opinion at your hands: we will take no low ground, we will exist no longer on sufferences.—(Loud cries of "Hear, hear!" from the opposition benches.) We will tell you, that we will not put up with passive acquiescence, or bare endurance.—(Hear, hear.) We will not be even contented with acquittal. My noble friend asks you this night for a direct, downright vote of approbation.—(Hear, hear.) In the name of the Irish Government, and of the whole Government, as implicated in its Irish policy, I assert fearlessly, that we have deserved well of our country.—(Loud cheers.) This is a conviction which no taunts of yours can lessen the force of, and upon this issue I call you the representatives of the empire, to come this night to the vote.'" (The noble lord then sat down amidst loud and long continued cheers.)

This, says the Albion, could not be improved. We only wish that ministers could take up the same high ground whenever the question of their general policy comes under discussion. When attacked on their conduct toward Ireland, they feel that they have acted justly and fairly [illegible] temper for any one's defence. In the present struggle they are feeling all the force and truth of the adage, that "honesty is the best policy." Why should they not make the experiment in England and Scotland which has been crowned with such success in Ireland?

The fifth and last night's debate was, if we except the first night's, the most interesting of the whole. Several of the great guns on both sides exploded. Sir George Sinclair and Lord Stanley were the principal speakers on the Opposition, Mr. Shiel and Mr. O'Connell on the Government side. Lord John Russel's reply was pointed and good. At nearly four o'clock in the morning, the house divided, when the ministerial resolution was carried by a majority of 22, the numbers being, for the resolution 318, for the amendment 296.

Thus have the Whigs once more defeated the Tories by the aid of the "earnest" Reformers. May the victory achieved on this occasion be improved for the advancement of the cause of Reform.

In the House of Lords, April 19th, Lord Wharncliffe said, that in consequence of what occurred on the previous evening, when it was understood that certain noble lords declined to sit on the committee appointed to inquire into the cause of crime in Ireland—he should move that—in the place of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viscount Duncannon, the Earl of Radnor, and Lord Portman, be nominated on the committee.—Ordered.

In reply to a question from Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell stated that he should propose the second reading of the Jamaica Government Bill on Monday night; and that after the bill had been put, that it should be committed, counsel should be heard against it, conformably to the precedent set in the Canada case last year.

The marriage of Major Campbell and Miss Louisa Ricketts took place on Wednesday at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square. Lady Flora Hastings was one of the bridesmaids, and on leaving the church was recognised by the numerous body of spectators that the cavalcade had attracted to the spot. The cheers by which this amiable and injured lady was greeted were unanimous and enthusiastic.

Extensive Failure.—A general provision merchant in this city has absconded within a few days heavily in debt—the amount has not transpired, but it is said to be rather considerable. A number of tradespeople are sufferers, besides millers, and eight or ten friends who lent their names to bills. It is also reported that some of the banks are in for a large amount. But a couple of days before his exit he prosecuted at the Cork Assizes two persons for defrauding him of 100*l.*; and about twelve months since he recovered a large sum from an insurance office on a fire policy. It is supposed he has sailed from Liverpool for the United States, and that some of his transactions are of a nature that must preclude his return to these countries.—*Cork Constitution.*

London, April 23.—The Chartists.—These persons yesterday had a field day in Surrey, and held their meeting on Kennington Common. The affair was one of the most contemptible failures we ever remember to have been present at, for, although "the people" were called upon to assemble, at no period during the proceedings were there more than between 200 and 300 on the ground. Notwithstanding the smallness of the numbers, however, the "clique" passed a series of resolutions expressive of their confidence in the General National Convention, and then appointed a delegate for East Surrey, to represent them in the discussions of that body. There were two parties proposed, but the one who held forth the more violent language, and described himself as being an "out and out" physical force man, was elected. One of the speakers announced that the Chartists were to have a meeting that evening in Smithfield, and further said that arrangements had been made under which they should be able to meet every night in that place.

FRANCE.

There is no intelligence of interest from France, except the fact that the opposition had been successful in electing three of the four vice presidents of the Chamber of Deputies. The four elected were Calmon, Teste, Etienne, opposition; and Cunin-Gridaine, ministerial.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

We have satisfaction in announcing, that the definitive treaty between Belgium and Holland, and the correspondent treaties between each of those Powers and the Five Powers represented in conference, were signed on Friday afternoon, April 19th. We understand, that the arrangement contained in these treaties is substantially the same as that of the twenty-four articles of 1831, but with such modifications of detail as the lapse of time since that period and as altered circumstances appeared to require.

SPAIN.

As we had surmised, the rumor of the battle between the Carlists under the Count of Morella (Cabrera,) and the Christinos under Van Halen, alleged to have taken place near Montalban, in Lower Arragon, on the 9th of April, turns out to be false.

London, April 23.—Our Bayonne letter of the 17th inst. brings no important intelligence from the Spanish frontier. Gen. Elio, on taking possession of the government of Navarre, addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants, dated Discastillo, the 10th instant, in which he recommended them to continue loyal to their beloved and virtuous monarch, Charles V. and promises protection and justice to all classes of the population. "Navarrese!" concludes the General, "your sons and brethren compose those valiant battalions who have shed so great a lustre on our arms, and are preparing to gather fresh laurels. I will attend to their security, and while at the same time I shall spare their precious blood, I shall be prodigal of my own whenever it shall be found necessary for the speedy termination of so disastrous a war, and for the triumph of the cause of the King our Lord."

The Eco de Arragon announces that General Van Halen had tendered his resignation of the command of the army of the Centre. On the 15th, the inhabitants of Saragossa were signing an energetic address to the Queen, touching the situation of the country, and the evils with which it was menaced.

Russia and the Circassians.—London, April 20th.—Accounts have been received from Circassia which for the present appear completely to dispose of the pretensions of Russia to a stable footing in that country. They reach to the 14th of December in the details of military operations, if they may be called so, which the Russians have been carrying on there; but there are advices as late as the 10th ult. and from their silence as to any new movement, which the season itself would almost be an effectual bar to, it is inferred that the brave inhabitants remained in undisturbed possession of their territory, from which they had driven the invaders. From the description given of the difficulties and perils the Russians have had to encounter, there would seem to be no alternative but to abandon the contest. It is stated that the Russian army, 8000 strong, which set out from the new fort at the bay of Semez, on the 25th of November, had only reached the hills which bound that valley to the north late on the 27th, thus taking three days to traverse a distance which a passenger on foot could accomplish in as many hours, and this without any deviation from the line of march for purposes of aggression or plunder. In the valley through which they passed, only four houses were destroyed, which was the act of the inhabitants, who set them on fire to deprive the Russians of a shelter from the weather, which was of the most inclement description. As they proceeded, all that could be done by unarmed and undisciplined masses of people to annoy them was practised; they hung continually on their flank and rear, and kept this large force, a considerable portion of which consisted of cavalry and artillery, in full occupation.

A few days before the whole army had been compelled to march from the fort of Semez into the plain of Anapa, to meet there a convoy of 300 carts, with provisions and stores for the fort, brought from beyond the embouchure of the Kuban, under the escort, along the plains of the sea, of some infantry and 1200 cavalry, who dared not advance further till joined by the army from Semez. The fate of Napoleon on his advance to Moscow was common in the mouths of the Circassian population, and they were determined to subject their invaders to the same consequences by laying waste, if necessary, the whole of the country.

General Raverski, the commander of the Russian force, marched his army early in December toward the mouth of the Kuban, and was safely entrenched in his own territory. This terminates the eleventh campaign of the Russians in that country since the fall of Anapa. What new operations the spring may bring forth remains to be seen, but this further instance of dogged perseverance by Russia in a favorite object, regardless alike of the waste of money and of life, should sink deep into the minds of all reflecting politicians.

STILL LATER.

By the ship Bowditch, Captain Thompson, from Liverpool, we have received the Liverpool Chronicle of the 27th, and the London Weekly Chronicle of the 28th. The latter being, like most of the London Sunday papers, printed a day or two before its date, contains nothing later.

THE CANADIAN PRISONERS.

In the case of the Canadian prisoners, in the Court of Exchequer, Mr. Hill, counsel for the prisoners, contrasted the observations of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals with those which had been urged by the same gentlemen on the occasion of the passing of Lord Durham's Indemnity Bill. Lord Abinger, in announcing that the Court would take time to consider its judgment, said, that he could not allow the case to be brought to a close without expressing on behalf of himself and his learned brothers the [illegible] had been argued on behalf of the prisoners by Mr. Hill, and his learned coadjutors, as well as on the part of the Crown.

Queen Adelaide was to return to England on the 6th of May. The loyal inhabitants of Kingston, Hampton, Richmond, and the surrounding neighborhood, held public meetings during the last week in April to arrange a splendid procession, which was to meet and welcome Queen Adelaide's return to Bushy Park.

Preparations for the grand tournament, to be given in September next, by the young Earl of Eglington, at Eglington Castle, continues to be made. From all parts of Europe visitors to this chivalric exhibition are expected, and in the town of Irvine, (near Eglington Castle) lodgings are already engaged, at rents for a fortnight, which will more than pay the rent paid for each house during a twelve month. Among the superior articles already in the Castle, is the splendid gold and silver carpet which was laid under the Throne at the Coronation of Victoria. Many of the sumptuous articles of *virtu*, which figured at the Coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand at Milan, are purchased or hired for this display, which is to rival these exhibitions of royalty.

BELGIUM.

The Brussels papers of the 28th April, mention a grand review as having been held that morning on the plain of Ixelle. The Queen was present in an open carriage. Among the officers of the staff, General Skrzynecki was remarked in his full uniform as Lieutenant-General. Another letter from Brussels states that the United States have renewed their claims on Belgium, for an indemnification to American citizens for damage done to property during the siege of Antwerp. The recent stay of Mr. John Van Buren in Belgium, it is believed, was connected with negotiations relating to this affair, and it was expected to form the subject of long discussions in the Chambers.

The second remittance of 50,000 fr. to Martinique for the sufferers by the earthquake, was sent on Saturday from Havre, in the Zanda, the captain refusing to make any charge of commission and freight.

A polacca, bearing the flag of the Pope, laden with corn from Ancona, entered the Clyde on Sunday, the 30th April, the first appearance of that flag in the river since the Reformation.

The Press at Malta.—Mr. Richardson has been cited before the Royal Court at Malta, upon a charge of having published in his journal, the Harlequin, an article in contravention of the liberty of the press.

THE CHARTISTS.

The members of this association of the working classes are becoming more and more violent every day. They held a large meeting by moonlight in Bristol, on the 26th of April, to the number of 3000, all armed and organised. One of their leaders said,—"Perhaps within a month—ay, within a few nights—a movement would be made which would either end in the eternal slavery, or universal liberty of the working classes; for little Johnny Russell had now let them go too far, and could not put them down as seditious meetings." He then proceeded to denounce the aristocracy and the Throne, whom he said they would set to work or overthrow; they would speak in thunder to the higher orders, and command them to come down. He would up with—"Down with the aristocracy—down with the power of tyranny—up with the people, and long live the Charter." A fight took place between them and the police, and one was captured.

Ducrow, the proprietor of Astley's, London, was riding from Calais to Paris; his arm hung out of the diligence window, and was so crushed by another diligence which passed, as to jeopard his life.

Thomas Haynes Bayley, Cressett Pelham, M. P. and Professor Prevost, of Geneva, are dead.

IMPORTANT FROM SUMATRA.

The ship Arabella, Capt. Rogers, arrived at this port this morning, left at Singapore U. S. ship Columbia, Com. Reed, arrived day before, and saw the U. S. ship John Adams, standing into Singapore Roads, both from Sumatra.

Com. Reed received information of the capture of the Eclipse, of Salem, at Colombo, and immediately repaired to the west coast. On his arrival, after endeavoring (unsuccessfully) to negotiate for the delivery of the Mandarines, and restitution of the stolen property, Quallo Battoo was bombarded two hours on the 23d December, one fort destroyed, and the other considerably injured. On the 1st January, Muckie was burnt by the Columbia and John Adams. After cannonading the place, 400 men were landed from the ships, and the town and forts destroyed, with a considerable quantity of pepper—neither ship sustained any loss—the Malays all retreated into the jungle. No part of the property captured in the Eclipse was recovered.—*Boston Mercantile Journal of May 27th.*

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Harrisburg, May 23.

As soon as petitions had been presented, and reports from Select Committees were in order, Mr. Cunningham from the minority of the committee in the case of Thaddeus Stevens, made a counter-report. The report denies the conclusions of the majority. It refers to the language used by the majority, toward Mr. Stevens, as being libellous, and without proof, and denies that any resignation has been made of his office by Mr. Stevens—denies that his constituents understood his letter which the majority make the ground of their argument, as being in any shape or form a *resignation*—and puts the alternative to the Speaker, of not understanding it so, or of being guilty of a gross neglect of his official duty in permitting the representation from Adams to be so long vacated.

On motion of Mr. Hegins (the chairman of the majority of the Committee) the report of Mr. C. was referred back to him for the purpose of making the language a little more agreeable to the feelings of the majority. If Mr. C. reports at all again, he will no doubt make a report that will be as little pleasing as the present.

The resolution fixing the time of adjournment *sine die* on the 11th of June, was adopted in the House to-day.

Senate.—The bill prohibiting the mode of making application for Banks, was under discussion most of the day, but no final action was had upon it when the Senate adjourned.

The Harrison Convention adjourned *sine die* to-day. They appointed Joseph Ritner and J. A. Schultze, Senatorial Delegates to the National Convention.

May 24.

House.—Mr. Smith, of Franklin, from the committee on the judiciary system, reported in favor of continuing the moral instruction in the Eastern Penitentiary; 500 copies of the report will be printed. Mr. Ryan, from the committee on the militia system, reported the bill from the Senate for the payment of the troops, with one amendment, verbal only. The amendment offered yesterday by Mr. Butler was taken up and after considerable debate, the first division of Mr. Butler's resolution attached to the report of the committee, and, together with the resolution, agreed to; yeas 54, nays 34. So the House has declared its right to make the inquiry itself, and that Mr. Stevens having resigned, the speaker issue his writ for a new election. Messrs. Butler and Sturdevant voted for the first division of the question, but not for the second. Mr. Kettlewell rose and said he would inform the House of his intention to withdraw from the Legislature until he should learn the will of his constituents upon the subject. The speaker wanted to know if the gentleman were desirous to resign as a member of this House, who answered that he only intended to withdraw. The speaker then said he could not entertain any motion or intimation of the kind; when the House adjourned.

Senate.—The Senate was occupied principally with the bill providing for the mode of applying for charters, &c. Several bills were reported, and very little else but talk characterised the proceedings.

May 25.

Yesterday afternoon session was dull, very dull; a few local bills having been passed only. The bill reported some time since by Mr. Brittain, to incorporate the Jefferson Library and Literary institute, of Philadelphia, was passed. Mr. Wilcox offered a preamble in relation to the Lumberman's Bank, at Warren, and a joint resolution, providing that if said bank shall resume the payment of specie, &c. on or before the first of February, 1840, no forfeiture of its charter shall be declared, which was laid on the table.

The bill to pay the troops, from the Senate, and reported by the committee of the House on the militia system, with a preamble, declaring that the Governor was not authorised to call out the troops, was taken up. Mr. Snowden proposed, as an amendment to the first section, a preamble of a similar character, which was adopted: yeas 48, nays 34. All the democratic members voted in favor of it except Mr. Cole. Several amendments to pay other troops were offered and not agreed to. Upon the question to adopt the 1st section as amended, Mr. Butler proposed that the House should resolve itself into the committee of the whole upon the bill, for the purpose of cutting off this amendment, which seemed to be put upon the bill for the purpose of defeating it, and which, he had no doubt, would be the inference generally drawn by the people, from the course of proceedings had this morning. Mr. Hopkins explained as a reason why he had voted for it, after having made objections to its adoption, that those members whom he thought most interested in the bill were all anxious that the bill should not be passed, without such an expression of opinion as the preamble contained. He agreed with the sentiments contained in it, but as it was likely to defeat the bill, he was opposed to it, and only voted for it because of the reasons now stated.

Mr. Hegins entertained the same views as the speaker with regard to the sentiments embraced in the amendment, and as he thought the incorporation of it with the bill would destroy it, he had been induced to oppose it—but, seeing the county members, those most interested in it, desert and abandon their constituents for the purpose of subserving party views and carrying out party opinions, he had agreed to go with them, and voted for it.

He moved to re-consider the vote upon the question—but before any action the house adjourned.

Senate.—In this body the bill regulating elections throughout the Commonwealth, was under consideration—and amended so as to prohibit all United States, State and corporation officers from acting as officers of elections.

May 27.

House.—Mr. Hinchman presented petitions, signed by citizens of Philadelphia, for aid to the Philadelphia Steam Tow Boat Company. Mr. Carpenter presented the memorial of the Controller of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, asking for aid to the observatory connected with the High School in that city. The speaker informed the House that on the 24th inst. he had issued a writ for the election of a representative in the county of Adams. The bill to pay the troops being again under consideration, Mr. Hegins withdrew his motion to consider the question upon the adoption of the amendment (preamble to the first section, and moved that the House go into committee of the whole for the purpose of striking out the amendment, which was disagreed to; yeas 37, nays 46. Mr. Brittain moved to recommit the bill, &c. with instructions to the committee to separate the amendment from the first section, which was not agreed to; yeas 36, nays 52. Mr. McElwee made a motion to recommit for the purpose of *general* amendment, which was sustained; yeas 52, nays 33. The troops are not paid, and will not be paid by any act passed at the present session of the Legislature. The bill from the Senate, as amended by that body, regulating the mode of making application for bank charters, &c. was taken up; the amendment to make the provisions of the bill extend to all corporations, was not concurred in. Mr. Nesbit moved a reconsideration of the question on the Williamsport and Elmira railroad bill, which was decided negatively last Tuesday, on a motion to transcribe it for a third reading. Before any further action was had, the House adjourned.

Senate.—The general bill in relation to elections was under consideration, in committee of the whole. The Canal Commissioners protest against the right of any committee to inquire into their official conduct, by taking testimony from them on oath.

May 28, 1839.

House.—The bill to incorporate the Huntingdon and Hollidaysburg Railroad Company was under consideration and debated for some time, and finally referred to the Committee on Inland Navigation.

Mr. Hegins, from the Committee on the Militia System, to whom was referred the bill to pay the troops, reported the same without the preamble, and with one or two amendments. One amendment provides that the troops of the 1st division shall be allowed pay for one month, and those of the 11th division for ten days. Mr. Snowden offered a similar preamble to that proposed yesterday, which was negatived—Yeas 38, Nays 43. The first section was agreed to as amended—Yeas 51, Nays 29. The second one—Yeas 52, Nays 29.

The House adjourned without taking the question upon the remaining portions of the bill. It would have been too great a day's work to have passed this bill neatly—too much for the too solid flesh of members to bear this hot weather. I think the people should come themselves and do their business, for their representatives don't seem inclined to do much nor to do that little well.

The Senate—was all day occupied in the consideration of the motion of Mr. Strohm made yesterday, to discharge the Committee from the investigation of the complaints, &c. of contractors on the canal, against the canal commissioners. At 2 o'clock P. M. the vote was taken—the Committee is continued.

Riots.—On Sunday last, a number of disorderly young men met at a tavern at the corner of Sixth and Sassafras streets, and agreed to *fight* out a dispute in a pitched battle, on the pavement of Franklin Square. The landlord, resolved to prevent this scandalous exhibition, immediately informed the Mayor. The parties met and caused no little uproar, though no battle occurred. They *merely* disturbed the day by their noise, and the passengers by their crowding and jostling on the pavement. Yet we are told that during the whole scene, not a single officer appeared on the ground. We doubt not that the Mayor was prompt in ordering officers there.—Now here is great delinquency somewhere, and in the name of *order*, we call upon the proper authority to discover and punish the delinquents.—*World.*

Legislature.

ARRISBURG, May 23.
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World.

BANK NOTE PRICE CURRENT.

Prepared with care, expressly for the Evening Post and News

Prices on Notes of and over Five Dollars.
When presented in amounts of $100 and upward

Philadelphia, MAY 30, 1839.

Bank	Per cent dis
MAINE.	
Agricultural Bank	5
Bangor Com Bank	10
Bank of Cumberland	1
Bank of Westbrook	10
Calais Bank	1
Frankfort Bank	10
Globe Bank	10
Lafayette Bank	10
Skowhegan Bank	par
Stillwater Canal Bank	25
St. Croix Bank	25
All other Banks	1
Except Bangor, Bath, Kennebunk, Saco, Waterville, Winthrop—closed. Old town—not purchased. Castine, Hallowell, & Augusta, Kennebec, Passamaquoddy, Wiscasset—failed. Oxford—no sale.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Wolfborough Bank	uncer
All other Banks	1
Except Hillsboro' no sale	
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2½
Bank of Woodstock	5
All other Banks	1
Except Agricultural, Brattleborough—fraud. Windsor, State Bank & Branches—[illegible]	
MASSACHUSETTS	
American Bank	10
All others	1
Except Banks of Norfolk, Chelsea, Commonwealth, Farmers', at Belchertown, Fulton, Kilby, Middlesex, Nahant, Roxbury—failed. Berkshire, Essex at Salem, Mendon Phoenix at Charlestown, Sutton—closed. Far. & Mec Franklin, uncertain. Grey Lock—fraud.—Lafayette—no sale.	
RHODE ISLAND	
R. Island Central Bank	10
All other Banks	1
Except Burrillville, Farmers' Exchange—failed. Eagle at Newport, Franklin at Prov. Land—Far. & Mec at Pawtucket, Scituate—closed.	
CONNECTICUT.	
Bridgeport Banking Co.	2½
Windham Co. bk payable to Cleveland, Ohio	5
All other Banks	1
Except Bridgeport Man Co Derby, Commercial—fraud Eagle—failed.	
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ¼
Except Agency & Ex. Chartered, Mer. & Mec. Ex. Co fraud. Exchange, (J. Barker's) Franklin, Franklin Man. Co; Marble Man. Co Mech. Exch. Co. N. Y. For. & Dom. Exch. Co. N. Y Loan Co. failed.	
All country Banks	1a½
Except Aqueduct Association, Columbia, Hudson, Niagara, Plattsburg, Exchange, Green Co. Mad'n District, Wash. Man Co Wash. & Warren—failed. Del. Co; Manhattan Accom Mec. & Trad. at Albany [illegible] Man. Co. fraud—Jefferson Co. at Mechanicsville—no sale.	
NEW JERSEY	
Belvidere Bank	1
Commercial Bank	1
Far & Mec. at N. Brunswick	1
Far. & Mer. Bank	1
Morris County Bank	1
Orange Bank	1
People's Bank	1
Sussex Bank	1
Union Bank	1
All other Banks	par a 1
Except Bank of N. Brunswick, Paterson Bank—no sale. Burlington, Bergen, Fort, New Jersey, [illegible] and Mec., Hamburg, Plainfield—uncertain. Franklin, Hoboken Banking & Graz. Co, Jersey City, Mechanics, at Paterson, Monmouth Manufacturers', at Belvidere, N. J. Man; N. J. Protection, Salem & Phila. Man. State, at Trenton, Washington—failed.	
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
Bank of Chambersburg	1
Bank of Gettysburg	1
Bank of Pittsburgh	1½
Bank of Susquehanna Co	[illegible]
Columbia Bridge Co	[illegible]
Erie Bank	2½
Exch. Bk at Pittsburgh	1
Farmers' & Drovers'	do
Franklin Bank,	do
Honesdale	1
Lumbermen's	5
Mec. & Man Pitts.	1½
Monon. & Brownsville	2½
York Bank	1
All other Banks	par
Except Allegheny, Beaver, Washington, City Bank at Pittsburgh, Harmony, Huntingdon, Juniata, Marietta & Susq. Northern, Northumb. Wilkesbarre Bridge Co. Youghiogany—no sale. Swatara, Centre, N. Western, Silver Lake, Westmoreland—closed. Far. & Mechan. Pittsburgh; Far. and Mec. Fayette; Far & Mec Greencastle; Pa. Ag'l and Man. Union, Pa. Savings Bank, at Philada, Southwark Savings Bank, Manual Labor Bank—failed.	
DELAWARE.	
All solvent Banks	par.
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore Banks	½
Except Bank of Maryland, City, Sus. Bridge Co—no sale.	
Country Banks	[illegible]
Except Mineral Bank	3
Bank of Caroline, Commercial, [illegible], Havre de Grace, Planters', Somerset—closed. Elkton, Susquehanna—no sale.	
District of Columbia	
Corporation of Wash.	10
All other Banks	1
Except Bank of Alexandria, Columbia, Central—closed. Franklin, Merchants', Mechanics'—failed. Corporation of Georgetown & Alexandria—no sale.	
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Val & Branches	1
Far. Bk & Branches	1a1½
Bk of Va. & Branches	1a1½
Exchange Bank	1
Mer. & Mec & branch	1½
N. Western & branch	2½
Monongahela Far. Co	closed
Virginia Saline	failed
Western Bank	failed
NORTH CAROLINA	
Bank of Newbern	closed
State Bk. at Raleigh	closed
All others	2½
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Bank of [illegible]	no sale
All others	2a3
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	10
Far. Bk. Chattahoochee	7½
Monroe R.R. & B.C.	12½
Ocmulgee Bank	10
Augusta Bridge Co	failed.
Bank of Macon	20
Bank of Darien	20
Western Bank	failed.
Mer & Planters	closed
Bank of Hawkinsville	7½
All other solvent Bks	4a5
LOUISIANA.	
Clinton and Port Hudson Road Co	25
All other solvent Bks	3½a4
OHIO.	
Bank of Marietta	4
Bk of Mount Pleasant	4
German Bk of Wooster	5
Granville Alex. So.	10
Western Reserve Bank	4
All other Banks	3½a4
Except Banks of Steubenville, Cincinnati, Sandusky Bay, Farmers', of New Salem, Far. & Mec. of Cin. Ham & Rossville Man. Co., Kirtland Safety So. Lebanon & Miami B. C. Lebanon & Miami Exp. Co, Manhattan, Owl Creek, Platt's—no sale.—Mansfield, Farmers' at Canton, Far. & Mec. at Chillicothe, Jefferson—failed.	
ALABAMA.	
Planters' & Mer. at Huntsville—closed. Tombeckbee Bank uncertain.	
All other Banks	8a9½
KENTUCKY	
Bank of Louisville	3a3½
Bk of Ky & branches	do.
North. Bk Ky & br's	do.
Hotel Co. at Louisville	do.
All other Banks uncertain.	
TENNESSEE.	
Bk of the State & br.	closed
Far. & Mec. Bk of Nash.	do.
Nashville Bank	do.
All other solvent Bks	6a6½
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of Michigan	4
All others uncertain	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All uncertain.	
MISSOURI	
Bank of the State	5
FLORIDA.	
All uncertain.	
ILLINOIS.	
Bk of Illinois Ab'n's	3a4
Illinois Savings Bk	fraud.
Shawnee, Bk of Ill.	do.
State bk of Ill. & br's	3½
INDIANA	
State bk of Ind. & br's	4a4½
Far. & Mec bk at Mad.	closed
Wisconsin Territory	
All uncertain.	
CANADA	
Bk of Canada & Montreal	5
Bank of Montreal	5
All others uncertain.	

PRICES OF GOLD AND SILVER.

American Gold, Old	6½ to 7½ pm
do. do New	par to ½ pm
Doubloons, (Spanish)	16 60 to 16 90
Doubloons (Patriot)	15 60 to 16 00
English Guineas	5 00 to 5 05
Sovereigns	4 84 to 4 86
Louis d'ors	4 55 to 4 65
Napoleons	3 85 to 3 88
Portuguese and Light English Gold	1 a 1½
Ducats	2 25 to 2 30
Ten guilder pieces	3 95 a 4 00
Five Thalers	3 90 a 3 95
Fredericksd'ors	3 90 a 3 95
Crowns	1 04 to 1 05
French do	1 08 to 1 10
Do. half do.	50 to 51
Five Franc pieces	94 to 95
Spanish Dollars	5 to 6 prem.
Mexican do	1 a 1½
Pistareens,	19 to 20
Half Pistareens,	16 to 17
American Silver	par

EPITOME OF THE TIMES,

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Albinos.—Two real Albinos, born of black parents, with curly white hair, and red eyes, have arrived in this city, and will be immediately exhibited at the Philadelphia Museum.

Despatch.—Ninety-four bills of indictment have been tried and disposed of by the Court of Criminal Sessions during the May term, from its commencement, May 6th, up to last Saturday, May 25th.

Caution to Housekeepers.—On Saturday evening last, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, as a lady, residing in the neighborhood of Pine and Sixth streets, was in the act of filling a lamp with spirit gas, from a half gallon jug, the gas caught fire, dreadfully burning her hands, face and breast. Dr. Musgrave was immediately called in, to whose professional ability, although the lady now lies very low, are her friends indebted for the gratifying hope that she may recover.

A large quantity of fine cocoons, of this year's growth, and raised by Mr. Chalkley Atkinson, of Burlington county, New Jersey, are now being exhibited at the Merchants' Exchange. We understand they will be left there for a few days and need only add that they well deserve a [illegible].

New Coaches.—We perceive that Mr. J. [illegible] has placed some beautiful new Troy built coaches on his Second street line. Their beauty and superiority of construction recommend them to the notice of the public.

A driver of one of the baggage cars, named David Vanderbelt, was almost instantaneously killed on Tuesday afternoon, near Fairmount, by falling under the wheels of a loaded car, which passed across his arms and body, mangling them in a most shocking manner. He was a painter by profession.

Asylum for Lost Children.—We are requested to state that Mr. George Lowry, who keeps the Northern Liberties Commissioners' Hall, will receive lost children at that place, and keep them until their parents or guardians shall call for them. The Hall is in Third street, below Green, and all children in the northern part of the city who may be lost, if left there, may be readily found by their friends.

Victoria out of Chancery at Last.—The question in arbitration between the St. George's Society, of this city, and Mr. Sully, the artist, is terminated to the satisfaction of the latter; and it is his intention to exhibit his portrait of Queen Victoria in New York immediately.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—Shipments of Coal for the week ending on Thursday evening last 279 boats, carrying 14,673 tons; 944 per last report, 56,328 do.—total boats, 1223—total tons, [illegible].

Suicide.—A young man, by the name of Joseph [illegible], at Lewistown, (Mifflin county,) in this State, in the employ of the Pioneer Stage and Boat Company, hung himself on Sunday week last, in the garret of the house where he boarded. Religious melancholy is the cause assigned.

The Pittsburgher mentions that a wealthy individual lost his pocket-book containing $3000 or 4000, a few days since. It was picked up by a lad, who promptly returned it to the owner, who gave him—*fifty cents!*

Mr. Wise, the Æronaut, ascended with his balloon on Saturday last, from Allentown, Pa. at half past 2 o'clock, and after traversing the towns of Bethlehem, Easton, New Hope, Trenton, Princeton and Hightown, he landed in the county of Freehold, N. J. at 5 o'clock, P. M.—a distance of 90 miles. Mr. W. thinks he travelled over a distance of 115 miles.—When over Trenton, he could see Philadelphia distinctly. When over the clouds the reflection from the sun was extremely oppressive.

Deferred.—The Harrisburg Chronicle says: "The motion for a new trial in the case of Porter vs. Sage, for a libel, has been postponed until the September term. The sentence on the conviction will, therefore, be postponed, and depend upon the issue of the motion for a new trial."

NEW YORK.

A new work from the pen of N. P. Willis, entitled Cinquefoil or Tales of Five Lands, is announced in the press, by Colman of New York.

Poison in Mistake.—A woman, named Ellen Craves, residing at New York, on Friday night last, took what she supposed to be salts, and died soon after in great agony. On examination, it was ascertained that she had taken in mistake a quantity of *oxalic acid*.

N. P. Willis and lady have gone in the Gladiator packet to England. We shall now have plunderings by the way-side from across the water, and the spars of the Corsair will be hung out in rich trophies from his fascinating pen. But alas! what will become of his pigs and poultry, and his musings "under the bridge," at his beautiful villa on the Susquehannah, by *Glen Mary?*

Murder.—A colored man named Day was found dead early on Sunday morning, in New York, on the Bloomingdale road, with his head dreadfully crushed. A carman, whom the deceased had assisted in carrying out a piano to Mr. Hudart's, Saturday afternoon, is suspected of the crime; having been proved to have had a quarrel with the deceased at a house on the way, where they stopped to drink.

International Copyright.—An application was made on Monday, to the U. S. District Court at New York, to obtain an injunction to restrain Mr. Collier from selling a cheap edition, which he published, of Captain Marryat's novel, called the "Phantom Ship," on the ground that the copyright had been purchased from the author by Carey & Hart, who had, therefore, alone the right of publishing it. The Court took time to consider the application.

Suicide.—John Cunningham, an Irishman, committed suicide at New York on Saturday night, by hanging himself. He was of intemperate habits, and lived unhappily with his wife.

Independent Boat—One Dollar through to Albany.—A new and elegant steamer called the Koscuisko, to be commanded by Capt. Haywood, has just been built from the workshops of Messrs. Bell & Browne, and Mr. Allair, New York, and will commence running between that and Albany on Wednesday, at one dollar fare through.

EASTERN.

The Divorce Case.—The New York Commercial says: A correspondent at Hartford informs us that the case between the Rev. Dr. Jarvis and his lady has been happily settled by the counsel of the parties. The conditions have not as yet been made public. It is understood, however, that a very respectable support has been settled upon Mrs. Jarvis, and that in their separation she takes her oldest daughter.

Steam cotton factories are going up fast in N. England. There are three at Newburyport, and a fourth is to be built, also, a large one at Salem, Newport, &c.

A lingering remnant of the New England Penobscot tribe of Indians are encamped at East Boston, making baskets. A young girl among them attracts much attention.

Our friends of New England are already selecting their Fourth of July Orators. The Hon. R. C. Winthorp has been chosed for Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Connecticut Senator.—The Senate of Connecticut had three unsuccessful ballotings on Friday, for a United States Senator, in place of Mr. Kimberly. The whigs were divided between Mr. Betts and R. M. Sherman. They try again to-day. The judiciary committee of the House passed a registry law to guard against frauds at elections.

American Water Scenery.—The Penobscot River, Maine, is infested with a gang of pirates, who sally out in their skiffs from under the bushes, and nab all the stray boards that separate from the rafts tumbling over the rapids.

Judge Story, at Boston, in the case of the seven seamen charged with revolt on board the Whale Ship Shylock, sustained the exception made by defendents, that the ship sailed under a register, and had never been licensed or enrolled for the fisheries.

Fort Fairfield.—The Bangor Whig lately received a communication from Fort Fairfield, in which the writer complains of being deprived the privilege of sharing in the use of the *maple sugar* and *molasses*, which a number of the soldiers had been employed in making, while the officers had free use of it. At their quarters they hoisted a motto "*molasses or home*," and were in consequence discharged.

Premeditated Villainy.—Last Friday Palmer Johnson, of Claremont, New Hampshire, had the best cow on his farm—worth 60 dollars—shot through near the heart with a rifle ball.

It is stated in the Hartford Courant that the boats and property belonging to the New Haven Steamboat Company, have been purchased by the Connecticut River Steamboat Company and C. C. Vanderbilt of New York.

The Merino wool growers in Vermont have cheering prospects. A lot of 12,000 lbs. produce of three years, fleeces, sold recently at Rutland at 58 cents.

Runaway Horses.—The Pawtucket (R. I.) Chronicle says more horses run away in that town than in any place in the Union. They seem bent on breaking their necks, and will make at any thing short of a thunderbolt or an earthquake.

Eastern Enterprise.—The go-ahead principle is carried out in Massachusetts to the fullest extent. They propose to have an Eastern Railroad that will reach from Boston to Bangor, and shall convey passengers and freight two hundred miles in ten hours. This project is already partly finished—one tenth of the way, perhaps. The value of the fisheries and manufactures on the line, as laid out, in Massachusetts alone, was in 1837, $16,566,000. This is saying nothing of the products of the counties of Middlesex, Worcester, Barnstable, Plymouth, Norfolk, and several others, which are by far the most productive sections. The manufactures of the city of Lowell alone have been computed at over 100 millions annually.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Horrors of Intemperance.—The Woonsocket, R. I. Patriot, of the 24th inst. states that a widow aged 70 of Exeter, in that state, had an only daughter, married in a neighboring state, whose husband was a drunkard. In a fit of fury, that husband and father buried an axe in the head of his wife. While the mother was preparing to attend the funeral of her murdered daughter, another messenger informed her that a son had committed suicide by drowning himself, while in a state of intoxication. Within little more than a week, another son died by drinking a large portion of intoxicating liquor. So much for *rum!*

WESTERN.

The Amount of Tolls on the Ohio and Miami canals, during the months of April, is $45,061 92, being an excess of $14,912 42, over a corresponding period last year. The principal increase has been on the Ohio Canal.

Crops in Missouri.—The prospect of the grain crops in this State never was finer. The Indian Corn is becoming a large culture, as it is found to be of a quality very superior, and of great yield. The fruit trees have been greatly damaged by frosts. Missouri Corn and Michigan Wheat are among the new products of the West, which are to form henceforward important items in the market.

In several of the states and districts far West, there is an awful scarcity of women folk—advertisements for Wives meet us constantly. They used to be inserted retail, but now they are published wholesale, and joint stock companies of bachelors are advertising in a lump, giving each their respective age.

On the 13th inst. a fellow at the St. Louis race track stole a horse and made off. A number of individuals pursued and overtook him, when he affected to be drunk. They, however, dragged him from the stolen horse, stripped him of his clothes, and gave him a severe lynching with their riding whips.

Something New at Last.—The Madison, Ia. Courier, says:—"An idea has just popped into our head about hard times. The little bantling must have been so lovely, seeing it was the first and only one ever known to be there, that it "popped" right out again.

The cry is still they go.—The caravans of wagons with emigrants, passing through Wheeling, West, is beyond all precedent.

Good for the West and East.—Near 50,000 bushels of potatoes have come down to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, the present season. The price 75 cents. With these and Michigan flour and Missouri corn, the West, though flooded with emigrants, will not have to call on Europe for food. Fortunately, the noble and manly art of husbandry is beginning to be substituted for the manufacture of lithographed diagrams of cities in the moon.

Meschacebe.—The Commercial Bulletin, of St. Louis, who ought to know, says:

"Our noble river was called by the Indians, Meschacebe; Cebe being the name for river, and Mescha great, which, taken together, mean the great river. So says Mr. Daniel Coxe, who wrote a book relative to this country, now before us, which was published in the year 1722.

The St. Louis people are not a little mortified that with the abundance of iron mountains, lead mines, &c. in their State, they have to go to Pittsburgh for their steam engines, glass, hardware, &c.

The Mormon prisoners that remained in jail in Ray county, Mo. are to be tried in Boone in July.

SOUTHERN.

Indian Frontier.—Some two thousand Camanches, and the Osages, says an Arkansas paper, are to hold in June a council of war, at the old Pawnee village, on Red River, some eighty miles above the Wacoe village, in order to go against the Potawatamies; and declared that they intended destroying every American from Missouri who might fall in their way.

The Louisville Journal of the 22d, says: The Pearl River Bank, Madisonville, in Mississippi, has bursted; leaving the public in the lurch to the amount of half a million of dollars. Not long since the Madison County Bank, located at the same place, broke, and its notes are worth next to nothing.

The Tennessee Review gives an account of a remarkable tree growing in Williams county, in that state. It is a peach tree well filled with fruit, almost every peach on which is double, tripple, and in some instances quadruple, closely joined together. There are a few scattering ones on it, but the larger portion are double or tripple. This is the first year it has borne fruit, and the singular uniformity of union it exhibits, says the Review, beats any thing of the kind within our previous knowledge.

Methodist Minister Murdered.—A Rev. Mr. Hogan, of the Methodist persuasion, was murdered on Pinelog creek, Cass county, (Geo.) on the night of the 9th ult. at his own house, by his miller, named Western Jenks. They were engaged in a dispute when Hogan received his wound; he felled his antagonist to the ground, walked a few steps, and fell dead. Upon examination, it was found that the knife had cut through three of his ribs. Jenks has been arrested and committed to prison.

A Decision.—The Louisiana Supreme Court at New Orleans have reversed the decision of the Court below, refusing the Atchafalaya Bank to sue after it had suspended specie payments. The argument is that the State only, which grants the charter, has a right to institute proceedings for forfeiture, and that none having been instituted, the Bank had full powers to sue.

A large concern at New Orleans, embarrassed two years since, promptly paid up, the other day, the instalment of *half a million* agreed upon, as the settlement of their affairs.

Extra Phrenological Developments.—Two professors of the science of phrenology, in New Orleans, in consequence, probably, of a superabundance of *gall*, lately undertook to raise bumps on each other's head, for which one of them, the originator of the fight, was bound over to keep the peace. The quarrel was caused by professional jealousy.

A Lucky Judge.—Judge Bland, of Vicksburgh, Miss. lately drew a prize $15,000 in the Alexandria Lottery.

Street Beggars.—Within the last sixty days more than two hundred vagrants or street beggars, most of them young persons, have been taken up in Baltimore and committed to the Alms House.

In an altercation in Huntsville, (Alabama,) a Mr. Liverman was shot through the heart by a Mr. Man, and instantly killed.

Loss of Steamer Pilot.—On Saturday evening the 18th inst. as the steamer Pilot was descending the Warrior river, from Tuscaloosa to Mobile, between Dr. Withers and Candy's Landings, and crossing McIntire Shoals, she struck a snag and sunk in less than ten minutes, in about eleven foot water, the boat having swung across a log. She filled and broke into amidships, and will be a total loss save her machinery, furniture and rigging, which will most probably be saved. —*Mobile Chronicle, May 21.*

Lynching in a Court House.—At Copiah, in Mississippi, shortly after a prisoner named Alvin Carpenter, charged with murdering the late Judge Keller, had been acquitted of the crime, and convicted of manslaughter only, a mob rushed into the room, put out the lights, stabbed Carpenter in several places, and cut off his hand, leaving him dead on the floor.

The new Convention for Florida was submitted to vote in the recent election. It is thought it is quashed by the opposition in East Florida, who wish to have a territory by themselves stretching from St. Augustine to the Suwannee, and wait awhile for Sam Jones to be off, before they talk of becoming a State.

A table furnished by the Collector of New Orleans of the trade of that city, during 1838, shows the exports and imports were scarcely affected by the extreme commercial depression. Among the imports we see near 22 millions pounds of coffee, 8 millions of sugars, 2 million gallons of wine, &c.

A lady and a gentleman on a fishing excursion near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, were drowned by the upsetting of their canoe.

Official Outrage.—The term of the Circuit Court for Yazoo county, Mississippi, has been prevented from being held. The Sheriff locked and nailed up the court-house. The Judge, on hearing of this, wrote him that it was his intention to designate some other building where he would hold court. "Designate and be-damned" replied the Sheriff.

The current of justice has now been obstructed, and stopped in four counties, Monroe, Madison, Noxubee and Yazoo.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

Murder at Columbus, Tenn.—George W. Horton, a house carpenter by trade, was shot by George C. Taylor, near Columbus, (Tenn.) a few days ago. It appeared from the evidence before the coroner's jury, that Horton went to the house of Taylor for the purpose of chastising him with a loaded horse whip, and though T. endeavored to persuade him off, and Mrs. Taylor joined in his entreaties, the deceased continued to advance with uplifted arm, until Taylor retreated into the house, took up a loaded gun and shot his assailant through the neck. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Hear the other side.—A citizen of Mississippi, in an article in the New Orleans Bulletin, denies that the courts of that state are broken up. In Madison county some delay occurred in consequence of the new court house not being built. Nor have the sheriffs refused to serve legal processes. In cases where the prosecutor has demurred in receiving bank notes, the sheriff has offered to sell for *gold* and *silver*, but the persons present declined from magnanimity to bid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A splendid new Steamboat was recently launched at Montreal, and christened as she glided into the water—"Lady Colborne."

An Opinion.—The man, says the Cincinnati Sun, who stops his paper solely because he is asked to make payment for it, would without weeping stand by and see his grandfather hung.

Arrest.—We learn from the Oswego Palladium, that Col. Frazier, commanding the militia at Brockville, (U. C.) has been arrested for an alleged participation in the late outrage upon the American schooner Weeks.

Bill Johnson, the "Buccaneer of the thousand Isles," as he has been pompously styled, has had a counterfeit representation of his goodly self in the person of a jovial Yankee Traveller, who on his journey homeward from New York was the "observed of all observers," without letting any one into the secret that he was not the real Simon Pure.

A boarding-school Miss, being unwell, thought it was not genteel to say she was *Bil*-ious, so she complained of being *William*-ous. These are the days of refinement.

The accomplished Editor of the Richmond Compiler tells the following story of the ex-Bishop of Autun. It has point enough to be authentic.

Talleyrand.—When the funeral procession of Talleyrand started from the iron gates of the chapel, one of the postillions asked the usual question, "Vers quelle barriere?" (To what Gate?) and was answered by a voice from the hearse, "Barriere d' Enfer." (Hell-Gate.)

The Louisville Journal still twits us about hemp. We do not profess to understand the subject.—*Pa. Democrat.*

Never mind—you'll get the *hang* of it some of these days,—*Prentice.*

MATANZAS, April 15.

A Man Killed by a Shark.—"A melancholy affair occurred here yesterday. A man at work in a small boat, alongside one of the steamboats in the harbor, was sitting on the gunwale, which caused her to heal;—and to the astonishment of all who witnessed the catastrophe, a large shark sprang up and took him from the boat and he was seen no more.

"The next day a shark was taken, measuring 13 feet, but probably was not the one that took the man. They opened him and found in him a beef's head with horns on. You may judge the size of the monster's mouth from the contents of his stomach.

The Rev. Archdeacon Strachan, of Toronto, Upper Canada, rumor says, has been appointed Bishop of that province. We understand that his lordship will shortly visit England, and that he will probably go out in the Great Western on her next trip.

Bishop Flaget, of the Catholic Church, has terminated his mission in Europe, and will shortly return to his diocese in Tennessee.

Thomas J. Sutherland.—By a communication made to the N. Y. Star, by Thomas J Sutherland dated the 16th, in the prison of Cornwall U. C. it appears that he is detained until he shall furnish security, himself in £500, and two responsible surities in £150 each, that he will forever quit her majesty's dominions.

Commission for examining Lake Harbors.—An important commission from the topographical bureau at Washington is now sitting at Detroit, to carry into execution the law of Congress for an examination of the harbors of Lake Erie, &c. It consists of Lieut. Col. James Kearney of the U. S. topographical engineers; Colonel Henry Smith, of Michigan; and Major John B. Bowes of Ohio.

The general order is published for the Camp of Instruction at Trenton for such troops of the Dragoons, Artillery and Infantry as can be concentrated there without detriment to the service. Gen. Scott is charged with its formation and direction. It will no doubt attract numerous visitors.

Watchmakers.—This mechanic art has much to boast of. John Fitch, who was the first inventor of steam navigation in this country, and propelled a steamboat on the Delaware in 1788, and Robert Fulton who first carried out the grand conception into perfect execution on the Hudson in 1808 (*we think,*) were both watchmakers of Philadelphia.

West's "Christ Rejected," it is said, is to be again brought over to this country by the grandson of the great painter. His intention is in conformity with the wishes of the author to have it purchased for some of our public institutions, which we have no doubt can readily be effected, as no people are more prodigal than Americans in the outlay of money for religious purposes.

Whiskey.—Some of the British soldiers at Acadie, in Canada, have been seized with colic, &c. from whiskey, supposed to have been adulterated by vitriol or oil of almonds.

"*Changed are our mournful marches to delightful measures.*"—The most brilliant military spectacle ever seen in Canada, took place at Montreal, Friday. About 4000 of the flower of the British army, helmeted dragoons, hussars of the guard, royal artillery and infantry, were reviewed by Sir John Colbourne, and fired a salute in honor of the young Queen's birth-day. The snarling Montreal Herald says even the "rebels and sympathisers" could not withhold their admiration.

The Lexington (Miss.) Union contains an advertisement of two bushels of Holly Springs money for sale, which the owners are willing to exchange even for seed potatoes.

Good Argument.—A lady equestrian says that she prefers a gentleman should ride at her right side instead of her left, because she can be so much nearer to him.

Large Cocoonery.—The Messrs. Prince, at Flushing, have in their cocoonery a milion and a quarter of Silk Worms, now feeding. This number is sufficient to produce above 500 bushels of cocoons, and near 600 lbs. of silk. They have also a large quantity of silk worms' eggs in their ice house, whose hatching is thus retarded for the purpose of producing successive crops. The choicest kinds are the Imperial White and Imperial Yellow, and of these and some other varieties they have a large supply for sale. These eggs were obtained from Milan, which is the centre of the most flourishing silk district, and form, no doubt, the finest collection in this country.

Foreign Varieties.

Queen Victoria, it is said, will visit her uncle, King Leopold, at Brussels, this summer. There is no foundation for the rumor that she was about paying visits to Ireland and Scotland.

The definite treaty between Holland and Belgium, was signed at London. There is a rumor that Leopold was about quitting Brussels for a month at the Baths at Baden.

The bringing in of the Jamaica bill had been postponed to May 3d. The Canada bill was to be presented May 6.

Three hundred promotions have recently been made in the French army.

The East India Company are actively enlisting recruits in London for their service in the Levant and in the East. The movements of the autocrat excite apprehensions.

A line of balloons, it is said, will shortly be established by Mr. Green, between Cheltenham and London.

The Queen is said to have lately ordered the payment of fifty per cent. of her father's debts. The money for this purpose comes out of her Privy purse, it is said.

The Queen's levee was better attended than was her drawing room. There were several presentations of gentlemen. The attire of her Majesty has been much talked about. It was a scarlet velvet train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a rich gold border and swansdown. The dress was of white satin; the body sleeves, and skirt ornamented with diamonds and swansdown. This latter trimming was made of the down of the black swan of Australia. After the levee the Queen presided at a Chapter of the Order of the Garter, and the Duke of Cleveland was then and there inducted as Knight of the Garter.

The Duke of Wellington's eldest son was wedded to that beautiful girl, the Lady Elizabeth Hay. The marriage took place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and crowds attended to see it. When the bride and her attendants arrived, the people outside cheered her very much. When the Duke came and when he retired he was most loudly applauded. The bridegroom's uncle, Dean Wellesley, married the "happy pair." The "I will" of the bride is said to have been very audible. The newly married pair had share of a *déjeuner* at the Marquis Tweedale's, (the bride's father) in company with 120 relations and friends, and at 5 o'clock charioted off to Strathfieldsay, to honey moon it.

The bridal attire is said to have been thus—a dress of Brussels point lace of a peculiar manufacture, double flounced, and worn over white satin, a very large veil of the same sort of material—no ornaments on the neck or in the ears, and a simple wreath of orange flowers on her head. The Marquis of Douro is 32, the bride not 19, and the Duke of Wellington will be 70 in a few months. The fruits of this wedding, if a son, will be "Earl of Wellington."

The bride cake weighed 100 lbs. and cost 100 guineas!

Gold.—The Journal des Mines of St. Petersburgh contains in its last number an official report to the Emperor, from the chiefs of the mining engineers, on the subject of the gold mine which was discovered, eighteen months ago, in the government of Jeniswick, about 100 miles to the north of Lake Bachel. According to this document, the mine is richer than any other hitherto discovered in Russia. The first operations with the sound produced 20 pounds, or upward of 500 lbs. Troy, of virgin gold; and it is estimated that, when in full work, the mine will yield at least 2000 pounds, or 50,000 lbs. Troy, of pure metal per annum.* The mine is within the domain of a private individual, who, according to the laws of Russia, will enjoy fourteen-fifteenths of this immense revenue, only one-fifteenth belonging in right to the Crown. [*If the vein consisted of a solid mass of gold, this calculation might, by possibility, be correct; but gold veins are peculiarly thin and irregular, and the success of working them extremely uncertain, as has been long proved in South America.]

Demidoff Family.—This wealthy family is one of the newest in Russia. Little more than a hundred years ago its founder was but a poor blacksmith. With the help of Peter the Great he established forges on an extensive scale; and his descendants now enjoy revenues equal to those of the highest among the English nobility. —*Bremer's Russia.*

Continental Railroads.—The railroad from Dresden to Leipsic (124 miles) is in full operation. You breakfast at Dresden and dine at Leipsic, and are back to Dresden at supper, going about fifteen miles the hour. The railroad from Brunswick to Wolfenbuttel is also much travelled.

PROFITS OF AUTHORS IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Tegg, the bookseller, of London, has published a letter in answer to Sergeant Talfourd's copywright Bill now before Parliament. The design of the Bill, is to secure to authors a greater share of profit from their works than they now enjoy. Mr. Tegg's letter attempts to show that the profits of authorship are already sufficiently large, and he exhibits some interesting statistics of the book-making and bookselling trade, which certainly bear him out in many of his positions. The most successful publications, in the money-making way, are the following:

Charles James Fox's Fragments of English History, which was sold to the publisher for	5,000 guineas.
Sir J. Mackintosh's do. sold for	£5,000
Lingards's History,	4,633
Lord Byron's Works,	20,000
Moore's Lalla Rookh,	3,000
Bulwer's Novels,	1,200 to 1,500
Nicholas Nickleby,	3,000
Lockhart's Life of Scott, £12,500 for the first two years only.	
Southey, Macauley, Barron and others, 100 guineas, for a single article in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.	

But all the above, of course, are surpassed by Sir Walter Scott, who received for his numerous writings above £250,000 sterling, or about a million two hundred thousand dollars! The Life of Napoleon alone brought him 28,000 pounds!

THE FRUITFUL WEST.

The Cleveland Intelligencer of the 15th inst. says:—Wheat and Flour continue to be shipped east in large quantities. Within the last twenty-four hours eight hundred barrels of flour, and eleven thousand bushels of wheat have been shipped hence in vessels other than Steam Boats for an eastern market. We have no means of ascertaining the amount conveyed in the numerous Steam Boats which are leaving almost every hour in the day. Most of this produce has taken the Welland Canal and Oswego route.

There seems to be but little demand West for flour, as has been the case for one or two years past. The great tide of emigration which has been going on, has peopled Michigan, Illinois, &c. with an enterprising and industrious population who have since been clearing up their farms, and are now instead of importing, exporting large quantities to an eastern market. This is as it should be.—*Balt. Pat.*

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT AT LITTLE EXPENSE.

The Legislature of the State of New York during its last session passed an act appropriating $75,000 to be expended in three years, (25,000 per year) in rendering the Oneida river navigable for steamboats. This river extends from the foot of Oneida Lake some 10 or 12 miles to the Syracuse and Oswego Canal, where it empties into the Oswego river. There being already, we believe, a branch of the great Hudson and Erie Canal, (or "big ditch," as it is familiarly termed by those employed in its navigation,) running to the head of Oneida Lake, the authorised improvement of this river will furnish a new line of water communication nearly direct between the cities of Utica and Oswego, the latter an important port on Lake Ontario, thereby cutting off about one-third of the present distance between the two places by way of Syracuse, where the juction of the great Erie and the Syracuse and Oswego canals forms a right angle. We doubt not that ere long this new line of communication will be so improved that steamboats will ply the whole distance between Utica and Oswego. The expense of improving the advantages which nature has bestowed upon this line would be very small in comparison with the importance of the work; such improvement would in our opinion do away the necessity of two-thirds the expense of enlarging the Erie Canal. The etimated expense of such enlargement before the Legislature of that State was about 24,000,000 dollars. It would probably cost before completed as contemplated from 30 to 50,000,000 dollars. About two thirds of this expense would be laid out west of Utica. After it shall have been so laid out, and the enlargement completed, we believe that an expenditure of one or two millions of dollars (we think less than one) in making the direct line between Utica and Oswego navigable for steamboat communication, would turn the current of transportation west of Utica off of the Canal and into Lake Ontario, through which it would pass toll free and with greater rapidity.—*Ledger.*

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

The following law was passed by the Legislature of the State of New York:

No writ, process, warrant, order, judgement, decree or other proceeding of any court, or office of justice of the peace, which shall be served or executed upon the seventh day of the week, commonly called Saturday, by or upon any person whose religious faith and practice is to keep the Seventh day as a day set apart by divine command, as the Sabbath of rest from labor and dedicated to the Worship of God, shall be valid except in cases of breach of the peace, or apprehension of persons charged with crimes and misdemeanors. The service of any such proceeding, in all other cases, shall be utterly void.

No persons shall be subject to do or perform military duty on the seventh day of the week whose religious faith and practice is the same as stated in the first section of this act, except in case of invasion, insurrection or in time of war.

PAINFUL IF TRUE.

Under this head, the New York Sun, says: "A report prevailed in Wall street on Saturday, and has since been rife in the city, that a highly respectable broker, named Schultz, had borrowed some money on Thursday, for a particular purpose, which he promised to repay on Saturday morning, but, from inevitable necessity, was unable to do so; and his sense of honor was such that he resolved not to outlive the disappointment, (and disgrace, as he termed it,) and therefore took a quatity of Prussic acid, with a view to terminate his life. The report on Saturday evening was, that he was in an almost dying state, and the report yesterday states that he was dead from the effects of the poison. We have no official account of the affair, and therefore cannot vouch for its authenticity."

The Journal of Commerce says that he was alive on Saturday, and that several houses for whom he had sold bills of exchange have not been settled with. Some $20,000 is mentioned.

CRUELTY AT SEA.

A trial of deep interest recently took place before the U. S. Circuit Court, in Boston. The prisoners, William Nichols and William Couch, were captain and chief mate of the ship Caravan, of Boston, and the charge was abusing and causing the death of a seaman named Henry Burr.

Several of the crew testified that the vessel left Liverpool on her return, toward the last of March, Burr acting as cook. He was soon discovered to be unfit for his station, and, on the second day out, was removed—the steward taking his place, and one of the sailors replacing the steward. Burr was then put among the seamen, and set to picking oakum, holystoning the decks, &c. he not being competent to perform duty aloft. He was flogged several times, and the captain and mate were in the habit of pricking him with a sail needle inserted in a bamboo stick. The pricks were given upon the legs and thighs, the latter, at the time of his death, being filled with punctures from this cause. On the 21 April he was flogged by the mate with a rope's end, the captain witnessing the punishment, because he was not handy in reefing a topsail. While undergoing this beating Burr fell down, when the mate stamped on his breast several times; he was then taken below and put in his berth. His face and head were covered with blood, and his mouth filled with clotted gore. The steward was ordered to make some tea for him, which was done, but he was unable to swallow it, until one of the men cleared his mouth from the blood with his finger. He remained below all the next day.

On the fourth, the captain ordered the mate to bring him on deck, and he was carried to the quarter deck and seated on a spar. The captain told the cook to make him some gruel, with flour, water and pepper. Burr could not drink this until some sweet oil had been put in, when, with difficulty, he swallowed it. The captain afterward gave him some medicine, the nature of which did not appear in evidence.

He remained on deck all day, the weather being cold and rainy, and the wind high.

About eight in the evening, the steward and cook were in the galley, when some one was heard shuffling along the deck. The former remarked, "here comes the Frenchman," and went on deck. Burr advanced with much labor and pain, but when near the foremast, fell down insensible, and rolled about in the water between the forehatch and the lee scuppers. The steward and cook got hold of him, lowered him into the forecastle, and laid him in a berth which they took to be his, but were not certain, as it was very dark. The berth was quite wet. They left him, and the next morning he was dead. The body was brought on deck, sewed up, and thrown overboard.

On the part of the defence, it was testified that Burr was very sick with the ague, and that he also appeared to be in a consumption; that no such excessive punishments were inflicted upon him; that he was not pricked with the sail needle, which was used to keep the captain's dog from the quarter deck, and to prick up the lamp in the binnacle. That when carried below on the evening of the 4th, he was put in the berth of a man named Gilman (one of the witnesses for the prosecution) or got into it himself after being laid in his own. That when Gilman came down to turn in, he found Burr in his berth, pulled him out, and gave him a flogging for being in there. That after Burr was dead, it was said by one of the crew, that Gilman had had the last lick at him, to which Gilman replied that he had not hurt him.

The verdict had not been rendered at our last dates.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

By the schooner Water Witch, which sailed from Vera Cruz on the 8th inst. intelligence has been received of an import very disastrous to the cause of Federalism. Our only hope is that it may turn out to be a false rumor. On the 6th inst. an express reached Vera Cruz from the interior, bringing information that a pitched battle had been fought in the neighborhood of Pitebla, between the army of the Government and the Federalists, in which the latter sustained a total defeat with immense loss, followed by the dispersion of their force. General Mexia, it is said, was captured and afterward shot by order of Santa Anna. The two other leaders in the insurrection, General Urrea and Escalada effected their escape. The government troops were under the command of General Valencia. If the report be true, the effect of this victory will be to restore a temporary quiet to Mexico. After so signal a defeat, and the loss of their most efficient leader, the Federalists will not be able longer to procrastinate the struggle. Probably the fugitive chieftains may seek safety by flight in the country. But the impression is strong that Mexico cannot long enjoy an exception from civil war. She carries within her own bosom the elements of discord, the workings of which, like the throes of a volcano, are sure to produce convulsions. The truth is, that there is a lamentable want of common honesty among the leading men of Mexico. They are unscrupulous, profligate, rapacious, and destitute of moral principle as pirates. Their chief aim in getting into power is to enjoy the opportunity of pillaging the public treasury. Hence a constant struggle is going on between the robbers that are in power, and those who are not.

The band of plunderers who now imagine themselves so firmly seated in high places, may expect soon to share the fate of their predecessors. Seldom indeed, does it occur, that rotation in office is brought about by the pacific remedy of an election. Political changes in that government are only effected by revolution, and take place as often as the robbers out of office grow so numerous and so hungry as to be an overmatch for the robbers that are in. Ever since the old Spanish yoke was thrown off, Mexico has been a prey to factions—fighting for the ascendancy in the government; and thus will it ever be. Her population are too ignorant, depraved and vicious, to be capable of self-government. An iron despotism, such as Tacon wielded over Havana, is the only form of authority that can restrain the prevailing licentiousness, and correct into honest citizens a nation of robbers, plunderers and felons. When Urrea and Mexia formed a coalition, and raised the standard of Federalism, some faint hopes were entertained that Mexico had not sunk so deep in the gulf of slavish depravity and turpitude, as to be beyond the reach of a patriot's arm. But the defeat of the Federalists extinguishes the last spark of hope, and that ill-fated country must now be given up to the reign of military misrule and barbarism.—*N. O. Com. Bulletin, May 21.*

MORE INDIAN MURDERS.

TALAHASSEE, May 18.

The Indians have again broke out in the west and are committing depredations. On Friday night, last week, two or three families, residing on the Apalachicola River, were attacked and murdered to the number of from fifteen to twenty. The Indians were recognised to be Creeks, by some who fortunately made their escape. We are informed that the camp of the Creeks had been discovered by Richards and his associate interpreter, engaged by Col. Green and Capt. Hutter to effect a negotiation with the party, and that they had been partially successful. Unfortunately a detachment from Captain Hutter's camp discovered the Indians and fired upon them. They judged Richards had deceived them and determined upon revenge. At Stiffnulger Bluff they killed a child of Mr. Roberts; himself, wife, and four children made their escape. At Smith's settlement, at Rico's Bluff Mrs. Richards and her five children were killed, and also three children of Mrs. Smith, and a man named White. Several others were severely wounded, but made their escape. A Mr. Lamb has since died of his wounds at Apalachicola. A day or two since a negro of Mrs. Lyons was killed about 12 mile from Quincy, while hunting with two others, in the neighborhood of the Olockoee and Little Rivers.

There is a company from Quincy, in search of the Indians, and probably more will soon be in the field. Capt. Ketchum, Ass. Q. M. has left St. Marks with supplies for the establishment of a post on the Apalachicola river, at Carnorhan's plantation, where the troops will be furnished with provisions, &c.

New Way to Hatch Silk Worms.—A gentleman bachelor, on the sunny side of 40, a native of the Bay state, who is exceeding staid in his manners and neat and natty in his person, recently went to one of the towns of Connecticut, famous for the raising of silk worms and the culture of mulberry trees and silk, and was presented with several small pieces of paper, on which silk worms eggs were deposited, preparatory to the process of incubation. Having no other convenient place of deposit, he stowed them away in his hat, and placing his chapeau on his head hied him on his way home. As he had some distance to travel before he reached his resting place, the eggs, that had come in contact with the animal heat of his head, hatched before his arrival at home; and the young silk worms, in pursuit of an honest living by their labor, had firmly fastened on the gentleman's hair, and were making their way to his head, to the great annoyance of the pre-existing population of that region. When he removed his hat, the young ones were found in the condition above described, with little disposition to relinquish so pleasant a paternal abode—no doubt intending, by an instinct so peculiar to all Yankee silk worms, to become the inheritors of the gentleman's name and wealth. After several fruitless efforts were made to dislodge them, a quantity of mulberry leaves were at length obtained and scattered over the head, to which the young worms instinctively attached themselves, and the bachelor's head was thus opportunely relieved from a greater load of live stock than had troubled it for many years before. He now considers his caput as the best cocoonery in Connecticut, and intends, we understand, if all other resources fail, to establish himself extensively in the silk worm business by hatching the young ones on his head.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LOWER CANADA.

MONTREAL, May 24th, 1839.

Yesterday afternoon, Bonaventure Viger, his brother H. Newcombe and one Langlois, were brought to town in the Princess Victoria, having been taken prisoners on this side of the line, by a few men belonging to Capt. Hollowell's company in Col. Dyer's battalion of Volunteer militia. It is strongly suspected that these villains have been of the party which has committed so many robberies of late and set fire to so many houses and barns. They were all well armed with pistols and bowie knives. Viger is one of the individuals who were banished to Bermuda; and, according to Lord Durham's ordinance, he is liable to be hanged for returning to Canada. Newcombe is the son of the traitor now under sentence of death, and was particularly active during both rebellions; headed the party which attacked the escort near Longueuil, while brining in Demarsy and D'Avignon as prisoners from St. Johns, when Sharpe was so severely wounded that his life was despaired of for some time. A troop of Huzzars arrived in the Princess Victoria, and their presence served to prevent that summary justice being inflicted on Viger and his brother rebels, which our conciliatory government is afraid to carry into execution, even when sanctioned by a legal tribunal.—*Herald.*

Touch and Take; or the Law of the Kiss, is a petit comedy at the Haymarket, to shew off Power, as Sir Roderick Macarthy, an Irishman, Miss Taylor as Linda, Mrs. Fitzwilliam as the Mistress of a Dutch Inn, and Strickland as a pompous Burgemaster. The plot is slight and turns on a supposed custom at a small German town that if a man kiss a betrothed bride he must marry her, and double her fortune, at the end of twelve months.

Fortune maintains a kind of rivalship with wisdom, and piques herself often in favor of fools as well as knaves.

Reported for the Evening Post and News.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Shares			Price sold for.	par.
253	shares	United States Bank,	118¾a120	100
557	do.	Girard Bank,	49¾a50	50
72	do.	Western Bank,	51a51½	50
1	do.	North American Bank,	405	400
25	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	51½	50
44	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	47¼a47½	50
235	do.	Mechanics Bank,	44½	35
19	do.	Southwark Bank,	63	50
44	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	52¼a53	50
5	do.	Commercial Bank,	60¾	50
106	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	104	100
613	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	60¼a62	100
15	do.	Mer. & Man. Bank Pitts.	54¼a55	50
213	do.	Kentucky Bank,	90a91	100
30	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	97	100
25	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	93	100
15	do.	Louisville Bank,	95½	100
25	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	85	100
44	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	130¾a131	100
500	do.	Stonington R. R.	35a35½	100
2	do.	New Castle & F. Town,	31	25
28	do.	Southern Loan,	23	25
180	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	115a116	50
4	do.	Girard Trust,	25½	25
30	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	87¼	100
10	do.	Franklin Insurance Co.	116	100

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank in *full*. To constitute a *frank*, it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also. ☜

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

May 24, received from		Wm. M. Vaughan,	1 00
F. S. Browning, P. M.	2 00	R. A. Cunningham,	5 00
James Orison,	2 00	Thomas J. Murray,	3 00
James McConnell,	2 00	Wm. Arrowsmith,	1 50
John Hamrickhouse,	2 00	H. L. Field,	4 50
L. H. Hoyt,	2 00	*May 28.*	
George Boggs, Esq.	10 00	Squire Helly,	5 00
Henry Grouse,	1 00	Samuel Woll,	1 25
May 25.		J. G. Shaw,	2 00
W. Litwich, Esq.	2 00	J. McMaster, Esq.	4 00
John F. Avery, Esq.	2 00	H. P. Woodruff, Esq.	2 00
Geo. W. Ellis, Esq.	3 00	L. McCauley, Esq.	2 00
J. W. Evans,	1 00	A. Waddel, Esq.	5 00
J. Stevens, Esq.	2 00	J. Higbee, Esq.	2 00
Capt. J. R. Stephenson	3 00	*May 29.*	
H. W. Stone, Esq.	8 00	E. Bristow, Esq.	2 50
Isaac Mott,	5 00	C. L. Joy, Esq.	5 00
H. S. Pierce,	5 00	J. S. Simmons, Esq.	10 00
D. Beidler, Esq.	10 00	*May 30.*	
R. W. Morgan, Esq.	5 00	A. Eaton,	2 00
Samuel L. Dubose,	2 00	C. G. Ryman,	5 00
W. W. Hatchell,	2 00	C. J. Burnett,	5 00
J. Bissett,	2 00	M. King,	2 00
E. F. Ensign,	2 00	David Noble,	6 00
May 27.		L. Gee, Esq.	10 00
B. Midgett,	4 00	Thos. Harlee, Esq.	2 00
J. E. Sedgwick, Esq.	2 00	H. B. Williams, Esq.	2 00
J. McCall, Esq.	2 00	C. L. D. Marshall,	2 00
Wm Smith, Esq.	2 00		

LIST OF UNPAID LETTERS, remaining to our address in the Post Office:—

From New Orleans, La.; from Attica, N. Y.; from Litchfield, Con. May 28.

TO SILK GROWERS.

THE undersigned having surmounted the difficulty of procuring a pure and genuine article of silk worm eggs, and foreseen and experienced the danger attending the keeping of the same until feeding time, have with great trouble and expense succeeded in raising a crop of the most celebrated and approved two crop kind, which they will warrant in every respect, and be ready to deliver in ample time for feeding on Morus Multicaulis the present season. They are now feeding by one of the oldest practical silk growers in this country, and will be fit on transfer—so that they can be transported with perfect safety to any part of the country. Orders attended to and contracts taken by

M. C. P. Doylestown, Pa.

Or C. [illegible], No. 23 North Third street, Philadelphia, John Ter Hoeven, Joseph [illegible] place, Point Road, two miles above Kensington glass works, near Philada.

Also a quantity of [illegible] mammoth white, warranted as above, to be delivered any time in the fall. Contracts taken for the same as above. my 25—2t*

WANTED,

A LAD who writes an expeditious and legible hand—one accustomed to packing newspapers preferred.—Apply at this office. ap 27—tf

ALMANAC.

JUNE, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S CHANGES.	D.	H.	M.
1 Saturday,	4 41	7 19	5 21				
2 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	6 19				
3 Monday,	4 40	7 20	7 8				
4 Tuesday,	4 39	7 21	7 56				
5 Wednesday,	4 39	7 21	8 43	Last	4	6	36
6 Thursday,	4 38	7 22	9 31	New	11	9	41
7 Friday,	4 38	7 22	10 20	First	18	5	0
8 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	11 13	Full	26	6	59

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at	5 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M. &	4 A. M.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday morning, 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, ADOLPHE E. BORIE, to ELIZABETH DUNCAN, daughter of Thomas McKean, Esq.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, WM. CRAIG, Esq. to Miss BEULAH RAWLE, daughter of the late William Rawle, Esq.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, N. J. Rev. DAVID T. WALLER, of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa. to Miss JULIA, daughter of the late —— Ellmaker, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Elias Harrison, of Alexandria, THOS B WATTSON, to SARAH, daughter of Amos W. Butcher, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Jas. M. Davis, Doctor JOHN H. SIMMONS, of Ashford, Con. to Miss MARY SMART, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Barton, FRANCIS HANNA, of Washington city, D. C. to ELIZA FRANCES, daughter of John Keele, of Philada.

On Wednesday evening, 22d ult. Mr. HENRY GODING, of Barbadoes, to Miss ELIZABETH PRENTICE HOWELL, daughter of the late Amos Howell, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday, 22d ult. by the Rev. Isaac Leeser, Mr. LAZARUS ARNOLD, merchant, of this city, to Miss LEAH, daughter of the late Mr. Michael Marks, of Mount Pleasant, New York.

At Titusville, on Wednesday, May 22d, by the Rev. George Hale, of Pennington, Mr. JOHN WELLING, to Miss HANNAH JEMIMA, daughter of Jos. Titus, Esq.

In Richmond, Va. on Wednesday evening, 22d ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, CHAS. R. BARNEY, of Baltimore, to MARY ANNE, daughter of Robert Gwathmey, Esq. of the former city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Mr. GEO. W. STEPHENS, of this city, to Miss HANNAH ANN, daughter of Reuben Cheeseman, of Trenton, N. J.

At Dover, on Tuesday, 21st ult. by the Rev. John Manlove, Mr. WM. W. MANLOVE, to Miss AMELIA C. PIERCE, all of Dover, Delaware.

At Salem, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. Dr. H. Flint, JARED SPARKS, Esq. Professor of History in Harvard University, to Miss MARY C. SILSBEE, daughter of the Hon. Nath'l Silsbee.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Worrall, of Frankford, Mr. L. WHITNEY, to Miss MARTHA J. MAJOR, all of this city.

On the 16th ult. by Simon Sparks, Esq. Mr. IRA I. BECKETT, to Miss ELIZABETH CHEESMAN, all of Gloucester county.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. THOS. R. SIMPERS, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of the late Ithamer C. Nichuals, all of this city.

At Trenton, N. J. on Wednesday evening, 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Eeomans, Mr. GEO. COVNER, to Miss MARY H. MACKIE, both of that city.

At Morristown, N. J. on Wednesday, 15th ult. by the Rev. Orlando Kirkman, GEO. R. HOWELL, Esq. of Newark, to Miss ELIZA HALSEY, eldest daughter of the late Geo. R. Drake, Esq. of Morristown.

In Belleville, Illinois, on the 12th ult. by John Hay, Esq. J. P. SHARON TYNDALE, of Philadelphia, to MARY, daughter of Theodore Hilgard, Esq. of Germany.

On the 11th ult. by Arthur Matlack, Esq. ALEXANDER D. PEARSON, to REBECCA ANN TROUT, both of Bordentown, Burlington county, N. J.

On the 9th ult. in St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. E. Smith, Mr. JOHN DEVINE, of St. Louis, to Miss JANE TREANOR, of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. Henry J. Morton, Dr. AITKEN, to Miss NICHOLSON, niece of the late Stephen Henderson, all of this city.

On the 13th ult. by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. GILBERT HAY, to Miss ADELAIDE MALLETT, all of this city.

On the evening of the 16th ult. by the Rev. S. W. Fuller, Mr. CHAS. NEWMAN, to Miss SARAH FISHER.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ARTHUR MYERS, to Miss DOROTHY HORN, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID ATWOOD, to Miss MARY STOW, both of Salem, N. J.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday afternoon, 28th ult. in the 74th year of his age, LEWIS DESAUQUE, merchant, of this city.

At Millington, Kent county, Maryland, on Sunday evening, 12th ult. Mrs. FRANCES EMORY, consort of Dr. John K. B. Emory, after a few hours illness.

On the 13th ult. at Great Neck, L. I. WM. SMITH, aged 93 years.

On the 28th ult. SARAH ELIZABETH MARTIN, daughter of Samuel and Eliza Martin, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 18th ult. at eight o'clock, ELLEN ISABELLA M. JENNINGS, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Obadiah Jennings, of Nashville, Tennessee, aged 11 years and 4 months.

On the 28th ult. HANNAH P. MILNOR, relict of the late Isaac Milnor, aged 76 years.

Suddenly, ANN GOMINGER, daughter of the late Jacob Gominger Miller.

On Monday evening, 27th ult. WM. HENRY REMICK, infant son of Daniel and Mary Ann Remick.

On Monday, 27th ult. Mrs. SARAH MOORHEAD, in the 61st year of her age.

On Saturday afternoon, after a short illness, in the 7th year of her age, ALICE C. eldest daughter of the late Nathaniel C. Foster.

On Saturday morning, of consumption, Mr. EDMUND F. DORRELL, in the 26th year of his age.

On Saturday morning, the 25th ult. BENJAMIN ADDIS MEREDITH, in the 47th year of his age.

On Friday morning, the 24th ult. JACOB PURNELL, after a short illness, in the 33d year of his age.

On Friday evening, the 24th ult. Mrs. ELEANOR GREEN, at an advanced age.

On Thursday evening, the 23d ult. JAMES PAUL, aged 69 years.

On the 23d ult. ANTHONY DIVINE, in the 32d year of his age.

On the same day, WM. HENRY, son of Jacob and Jane Lownds, aged 6 years.

On the same day, Mrs. JANE SHANNON, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 22d ult. Mr. ISAAC F. VANDYKE, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 22d ult. MARY SWAGAR, daughter of Joseph Swagar, in the 15th year of her age.

In the borough of Milton, on Monday evening, 20th ult. after a lingering illness, which she bore with great piety and resignation, Mrs. ELLEN H. STERLING, wife of Mr. A. W. Sterling, and daughter of William H. Sanderson, Esq. in the 31st year of her age. Her remains were interred in Harmony Church burial ground on Wednesday last, attended by her bereaved husband and child, and a train of mourning relations and friends.

At Pottsville, on the 19th ult. LOUISA, aged 3 years, and on Monday morning, 20th ult. WILLIAM, aged 12 months and 5 days—children of Mr. John Sites, of that borough.

On the 13th ult. at the same place, JOHN, son of Ralph Peters, Esq. in the 17th year of his age.

On the 14th ult. at Towanda, Bradford county, Pa. CATHERINE, wife of Ralph Peters, Esq. and daughter of the late David H. Conyngham, Esq. of this city.

At her residence in Germantown township, on Sabbath morning, the 12th ult. Mrs. BARBARY FRANKS, in the 98th year of her age.

On the 10th ult. at Palmyra, Missouri, after a short illness, EDWARD ALEXANDER NASSAU, M. D. son of William Nassau, of this city.

At Pinegrove, after a protracted illness, Mrs. MARIA ANN HENRIE, consort of Mr. Nathaniel Henrie, aged 38 years, 4 months and 13 days.

SANDS' REMEDY FOR SALT RHEUM.

FALL RIVER, (Mass.) May 6, 1839.

MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS,—I had been afflicted with the Salt Rheum in its severest form for several years, and at times it was so bad on my hands and on different parts of my body as almost to prevent my attending to business. I had made use of a great number of different preparations, without obtaining but little if any benefit, and I became so much discouraged that I resolved to use no more, unless I could procure one warranted to cure. Hearing of your valuable remedy, I went to Providence, (R. I.) and purchased one dozen of it, confident that if it cured me I could dispose of hundreds of boxes. I used it and immediately perceived that it benefitted me, and, after using it a few weeks, I was cured entirely, and my skin was as fair as if I never had had it. It is now about two years since I was cured, and since that time I have been entirely free from it. I have since sold hundreds of boxes of it to my friends and customers, and it has been used with almost universal success in every instance. One lady, who called on me for it, had the complaint so bad on her face, that I could hardly bear to look at her. She bought one box, and in less than one week she was comparatively cured. She used two boxes which entirely cured her. In short, such has been its success in curing diseases of the skin, that I think I should do those injustice who are similarly afflicted, did I not let them know the peculiar benefit which I have received, and which I have known hundreds of others to receive, from the use of your valuable Remedy. Truly, yours, &c.

EDWIN FOSTER, Merchant, Fall River.

☞ It is with much satisfaction that the proprietors are able to lay the above certificate before the public, that all may see and know the great benefit which one individual is able to certify to having received, and known others to receive, from the use of this valuable medicine—not only for Salt Rheum but for all other diseases of the skin, such as Ringworm, Tetter, Scald Head, Barber's or Jackson's itch, Eczema, &c. this medicine is also a certain cure. The Syrup of Sarsaparilla is recommended to be used with the Remedy, as it tends to purify and throw off from the blood and system all the unhealthy humor connected with the disease, and the application of the Remedy externally at the same time, eradicates it from the system. Numerous instances have occurred where this course has effected cures in one week's time. Every person afflicted with these complaints, in any form, is invited to make immediate use of this valuable medicine and get cured without delay.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, 79 Fulton street, N. E. corner of Gold street, and 100 Fulton, corner of William street, and sold also by most of the respectable Druggists in the United States.

☞ It may be had, wholesale and retail, at the proprietor's prices, of Dr. JAYNE, Agent, No. 20 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. Price $1. je 1—lm

SILK REELING.

A FEW young ladies will be received as apprentices to learn the art of feeding silk worms, in all their stages, and reeling the cocoons—if they apply soon at the American Silk Agency, No. 93 Walnut street, (up stairs.)

ALSO SILK WORM EGGS

Now raising by experienced silk growers, and warranted to be of the genuine three weeks (two crop) and six weeks (mammoth) variety, will be ready for delivery in the course of two or three weeks, in time for feeding on the Morus Multicaulis.

Persons desirous of securing a good article, will do well to apply soon at the American Silk Agency, No. 93 Walnut street, (up stairs.)

je 1—tf S. C. CLEVELAND, Agent.

Prospectus of the

CASKET

AND

PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Change of Proprietors.

THE subscribers having purchased of Mr. Samuel C. Atkinson the well known Monthly Magazine entitled the CASKET, have determined, in some respects, to alter the character of the periodical. It has for a long time been subject of complaint that the articles which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post were regularly transferred to the pages of the Casket, and consequently that the readers of the one lost all interest in the other. To obviate this difficulty, and to render the Magazine, in all respects what its extensive circulation demands, the subscribers have at some pains, and much expense secured regular contributors to the work, and consequently HEREAFTER THE CASKET WILL STAND UPON ITS OWN BASIS, and they have determined that no exertions shall be spared to make it

the most desirable magazine in the country!

The aim of the editors will be to produce a publication which shall at once be valuable in matter, and choice in taste and style, and they flatter themselves from the known talents of their contributors, that they will be able to present as many good original articles to their readers, as any publication of the day. They shall not, however, hesitate to publish, from time to time, articles from English authors, and translations from the best German and French writers, provided the pieces have never before appeared in print in this country. Essays on important subjects will likewise be inserted, and criticisms on the literature of America and the age. A review department will accompany the Magazine, in which a large and liberal spirit of criticism will always be maintained. For the defence of American literature the editors will always be ready; for the maintenance of a correct taste they will, if possible, be still more watchful.

Each Number will contain an Engraving from a Splendid Steel Plate, procured at a GREAT COST, and illustrating an accompanying tale.

An approved piece of MUSIC, arranged for the Piano Forte or Guitar will appear in every number.

The May number, which was the first issued by the *new proprietors*, having met with so flattering a reception the subscribers have the more pleasure in informing their readers that the June number will be in every respect superior to the last, containing

A Splendid Steel Engraving of THE SURF AT MADRAS, with an accompanying sketch, of THRILLING INTEREST!

The July number will be the commencement of a new volume, when a new type a finer paper, and a better page will be adopted.

The Casket contains three sheets and is, therefore, at two dollars and fifty cents a year, *the cheapest Magazine in America.* In consequence of this low price, however, no subscription will be received unless paid in advance. This rule is absolutely necessary, and cannot be departed from.

The present subscribers who have paid in advance will be served as usual, and those who are now in arrears, or do not remit prior to, or at the end of the present volume, will be necessarily discontinued. The Casket will be printed and issued as usual, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, where all orders *post paid*, will be attended to. Communications must be addressed to the editors at the same place.

☞ *Editors who may see this advertisement, are requested to give it as many insertions as may be convenient, and forward a copy (marked with ink) to the office, and directed (which will save postage) to the "Post," which courtesy shall be promptly acknowledged by an exchange.* ☜

TERMS—$2 50 per annum, or TO CLUBS, FIVE COPIES YEARLY FOR TEN DOLLARS, *invariably in advance.* G. R. GRAHAM, & CO.

P. S. Postmasters and others who have heretofore acted as agents for the CASKET will please continue to act in that capacity for the new proprietors. my 18

☞ "COUNTERFEIT," ☜

THE public is respectfully informed that one of the *basest* and most dangerous Counterfeits ever attempted, has lately been brought to light in the city of New York, we mean an imitation of that most deservedly popular medicine known as "*Rowand's Tonic Mixture*," for "Fever and Ague."

We had but just put down an imitation called "*Rowand's Tonic Mixture*," by L. S. Comstock & Co. when *another* still more dangerous, makes its appearance from the store of "*Seaman & Brothers*," druggists, No. 105 Water street, N. Y. in which the *fac simile* of the proprietor has been counterfeited—his copy rights infringed upon—his certificates copied—and, in fact, imitated in such a manner, that from its outward appearance, it can scarcely be detected. We would also say, that we have commenced a suit, in the United States Court, for damages for this "piracy" upon our rights, and request dealers to be very careful of whom they purchase the article, unless its source can be directly traced to the proprietor, or some one of his general agents whom he has endeavored to select, as men enjoying the utmost respect and confidence of the communities in which they reside; and who, we trust, would blush to offer any other than the true and original "*Rowand's Tonic Mixture*" for the paltry gain of a few dollars, thereby endangering the lives of their fellow citizens.

JOSEPH T. ROWAND, Proprietor,
Successor to Dr. John R. Rowand
No. 219 Market street, Philadelphia.

J. O. FAY, General Agent at Aiden's Franklin House, Drug Store, No. 193 Broadway, N. Y.

N. B.—It is the intention of the proprietor to enforce his legal rights against every person counterfeiting this valuable medicine, and spuriously putting forth the proprietor's certificates and labels. in 1—3m*

BYBERRY INSTITUTE.

IN this Seminary a number of boys, not exceeding twelve, can be accommodated as boarders, these with a small and limited number of day scholars will be diligently instructed by the subscriber, in the various branches of a liberal education, including the Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Classics, &c.

The different natural Sciences, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy are familiarly illustrated in a course of lectures delivered throughout most of the year, aided by appropriate apparatus, specimens, &c.

The locality from its salubrity and beauty of its situation and moral influence, is deemed a peculiarly desirable one.

The plan of government is mild and conciliatory, affording to pupils the social ease and familiar intercourse of the parental fireside.

The students are expected to attend Friends' meeting with their teacher.

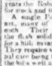
For board and tuition, per quarter, twelve weeks, including washing, mending, lights, fuel, &c. $40, payable in advance. JOHN G. LEWIS.

Byberry, 5th mo. 24, 1839.

REFERENCES.

BYBERRY—James Thornton, N. Richardson, Joshua Gilbert, Samuel Kirk, Jesse James, Cyrus Pearce.
WILLOW GROVE—James Paul.
FRANKFORD—Dr. S. W. Pickering, Isaac Whitelock.
WEST CHESTER—Samuel Painter, Joshua Hoopes.
WILMINGTON, DEL.—Abraham Alderdice.
NEW YORK—David G. Griscom. in 1—6t*

ROHAN POTATOES.



THE subscribers have just received from France a few of these Potatoes. Their qualities for productiveness have been already fully tested in this country, so as to leave no further room to doubt. A mere glance at those now set forth would convince the most sceptical of their vast tendency to increase the very eyes being formed into small potatoes, and these embryos forming again in a cluster. There is no doubt but in a very few years the Rohan will supercede all other Potatoes, both for stock and the table.

A single Potato has been known to produce a Barrel, many of them weighing from two to ten pounds each. Their quality for a table Potato is excellent; the flesh solid and of good flavor; one eye suffices for a hill; many tubers have from thirty to forty eyes.—They require very little labor in cultivating, the principal care being to plough the ground very deep, and have the hills well apart. Price 50 cents to $1 each.

French Sugar Beet Seed, crop 1838. Mangel Wurtzel and Ruta Baga Seeds, with a full assortment of warranted Vegetable and Field Seeds of our own growth, and first quality.

SUPERB DOUBLE DAHLIAS Pot Plants, from our superb collection of premium Dahlias, now ready for delivery.

The collection contains the finest in cultivation, both in America and Europe—catalogues may be had at our store. HIRST & DREER.

Seedsmen and Florists, No. 97 Chesnut Street above Third, Philadelphia. my 18—tf

TO SILK GROWERS.

A MIDDLE aged man, who has had a number of years experience in the rearing of the silk worm, and the various branches connected therewith, wishes to engage with some person engaged in the business. Apply at No. 2 Orleans street, between Lombard and Pine and 12th and 13th streets. my 18—4t

OBSTRUCTION.

THE CAUSE of all PULMONARY DISEASES.—For—What is the cause of Coughs? OBSTRUCTION. What is the cause of Hemmorhage and Spitting of Blood? OBSTRUCTION. What is the cause of Consumption and Asthma? OBSTRUCTION. What is the cause of Bronchitis? OBSTRUCTION, producing Inflammation of the lining membrane of the Bronchia or Wind Tubes and an excretion of mucous or pus and frequently discharges of Blood. And what is Asthma, or difficulty of breathing, but OBSTRUCTION, caused by this mucous or purulent excretion, clogging up those tubes, and thereby impeding respiration.

Remove this Obstruction and there will be no fever nor inflammation—no Pain nor Cough—no Abscess nor Consumption—no Hemmorhage nor Spitting of Blood—no Asthma or difficulty of breathing, but a restoration to health will be certain. And what is the rare remedy pointed out by nature to remove this Obstruction?

The answer is EXPECTORATION. Yes, Expectoration is nature's remedy. For, reader, there is no other outlet for the lungs to discharge their vitiated excretions, but through the Trachea or Wind pipe, and this natural discharge is EXPECTORATION.

To assist nature and produce this desirable result, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It is the result of the experience of many years' practice. It produces a free and easy expectoration, suppresses the Cough, reduces the Inflammation, removes the spasmodic action of the vessels, and heals the abraded surface of the Bronchia or Wind Tubes. The breathing becomes easy, and the patient almost uniformly recovers; and even in the most hopeless cases of Consumption it produces a degree of relief never before experienced by any other preparation, and prolongs the patient's life to an indefinite period. Many who were pronounced incurable two years ago, by their Physicians, are still alive, and appear no worse than they did then, while hundreds, nay thousands, have entirely recovered.

☞ JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT—CARMINATIVE BALSAM and TONIC VERMIFUGE may be had at No. 20 South Third street Philadelphia, and at No. 100 Fulton street, New York of John W. Shephard, Cincinnati; William F. Pell & Co. Louisville; Lyell, Johnston & Lyell, Richmond; William K. Kitchen, Augusta, Geo. William Ware, Wilmington, N. C. and in most towns and cities in the Union. my 18—tf

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.

TO remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. To be had at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. ap 30—tf

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE NEW YORK PAPERS have been making themselves merry at the application of a Mr. Firehawk, for the office of lamp-lighter. The Baltimore Transcript takes up the sport, and perpetrates the following:

With wicked thoughts and "words that burn,"
Poor *Fire-hawk prays* to have his turn
In the lamp-lighting corps;
Well have we known, for many a day,
That hawks were reckoned birds of prey,
But not for place, before.
Hoc fer-i locat,—Mr. Mayor:
Do listen to his earnest prayer,
And free his mind from doubt;
And when fair Luna leaves the sky,
Fire-hawk unto his *post* shall *fly*,
And *hawk* his *fire about*.

"Where were you hurt?" said a friend to one who had received an injury in personal rencontre. "Was it near the vertebræ?" "No, no," answered the other, "it was near the race course."

"There's something satisfactory even in being poor," as the loafer said ven his pocket was picked of an empty pocketbook.

A French philosopher is said to be now very busily engaged in a series of experiments respecting the *respiration of vegetables*! His observations, so far as relates to seeds, goes to show that they breathe. What next?

Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed that Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he had received a *check* on the *Bank* of the *Elbe*.

An epicure requested his landlord to get him a *spare-rib*. The innkeeper declared that he had none, saving one, and that was a very *crooked rib*, which he would be glad enough to *spare*.

"I never," said Sir Walter Scott, "could eat the flesh of any creature I had known while alive. I had once a noble yoke of oxen, which, with the usual agricultural gratitude, we killed for the table; they said it was the finest beef in the four counties, but I never could taste Gog or Magog, whom I used to admire in the plough."

Poets, like potatoes grow strong in the West. As a specimen, we copy the following from the Kalamazoo Gazette, being the first three lines of an Ode to the Moon, sent to that paper for publication:

"Thou pale resplendent orb,
Thou look'st like a huge cake
Of maple sugar!"

The Woodman, a Tennessee paper, also has some choice specimens. Here is one of them—

"O dear! what times these is!
Sugars am rose and rum are ris!"

Tommy Tipple is a queer fellow. He was told the other day, that if he would leave off drinking, he would be quite a decent man. "It's no use," said he, "I've left off half a dozen times a day for these ten years, and it don't do no kind of good."

We ought to apologize, but really we suffer considerably from music, and only know two tunes, one of which is "Old Hundred," and the other isn't.—*N. O. Picayune.*

CREATION, A CATASTROPHE.—The Boston Post states that some down-easter thus describes himself—"I am a real catastrophe—a small creation—Mount Vesuvius on the top, with red hot lava pouring out of the crater and routing nations—my fists are the Rocky Mountains—arms, liberty-poles, with iron springs. Every step I take is an earthquake—and every blow I strike is a clap of thunder—and every breath I breathe is a tornado—my disposition is Dupont's best, and goes off at a flash—when I blast, there'll be nothing left but a hole three feet in circumference, and no end to its depth!"

A WARM WISH.—A poor widow woman was relating to a neighbor how fond her husband was of having a good fire; how busy he would make himself in fixing it so that it would burn, &c. "Ah, poor dear man," said she, "I hope he's gone where they keep good fires."

LITERAL TRANSLATION.—The London Literary Gazette, a short time since, in noticing a production of George Cruikshank's, in order to distinguish that artist from his brother Robert, said, "This is the real Simon Pure." In an extensive Biographical Dictionary since published in Germany, the compiler has taken the hint, and in his notice of this distinguished artist, says, "He is called George Cruikshank, but that is not his real name—his real name being *Simon Pure*!"

FAT-AL.—The Cincinnati Sun says—"There is a man now living in Ohio, lately emigrated from Connecticut, whose wife is so fat that he was obliged to go back twice after her."

A GOOD ONE.—"High-heeled boots and a strut is, to my mind's eye, the plainest sign-board in the world, hung out in capitals, 'Chambers in the attic to let—enquire at the tailor's.'"—*Appletree Philpot, Esq.*

Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtues and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. I have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed, comes from Satan; but that which we find in the society of good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but above all, to the young.—*Luther.*

A blue-stocking lady, whose volubility of tongue was not the most edifying and amusing imaginable, told her spouse she would spurn the restraints of custom, and imitate the philosophy of antiquity. "Do, my dear," replied the husband, "and let Hippocrates be your pattern—*be* devoted a great portion of the day to *silence*."

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—Mr. B. a merchant of Providence, Rhode Island, and a man quite celebrated afterward for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c. taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the loft of his store called out, "What are you doing there?" The poor woman looking up answered, "Privateering, sir." The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogshead.

THE LAST ANECDOTE.—"Who's that are Mr. Scattering, that always gets a few votes at our town meeting?" inquired an old lady, a few days since, of her spouse, as she was busily engaged in perusing a newspaper. "I do not know," said he, "nor never did, though the people have been trying to elect him ever since I began to vote."

Ladies who are troubled with sick head ache will be happy to learn that by putting their hair up in papers containing advertisements of BRANDRETH they will be entirely cured before they rise next morning.—*N. O. Times.*

"What are you doing now?" said a gentleman the other day to a young artist of this city, who was giving the finishing touches to the portrait of a young lady of great beauty, but little mind.

"Why I am canvassing the merits of Miss —."

"Can't you do it without taking her head off?" was the retort.

"The fact is," replied the painter, "she has got tired of painting her own face—and has employed me to paint it for her."

A tar half-seas-over, swaggering into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, "who bids more than nine-pence ha'penny?" asked "may we bid what we please?" "Oh yes," replied the seller, "any thing you please, sir." "Why then, I bid you good night, and be hanged to you," said Jack.

Lord Sommerville was engaged in preparing a plan for cultivating the *interior wastes* of Africa, to the great disappointment of the old maids, who declared it a most *uncharitable* proceeding while so many *wastes* remained unimproved at home.

FIGURATIVE.—John Neal tells of a Baltimore lawyer who being employed to defend a man charged with cutting timber on his neighbor's land, burst out in the following strain of indignant eloquence:—"Look at him gentlemen of the jury. There he stands, walking about, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, trying to withdraw three oak trees from my client's pocket."

We can behold with coldness the stupendous displays of Omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.—*Grove.*

EMPHASIS.—A writer on English grammar gives the following example on wrong emphasis:—A clergyman, on reading the twenty-seventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, generally placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics. "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me, the ass, and they saddled *him*."

A GIN-WINE LOAFER.—"I say, mother," said a regular street loafer the other night, after he had deposited a bottle full of *something* in a ricketty old cupboard and laid himself down on the floor, "I want you to wake me when I get dry!"

"How do I know when you get dry?"

"Oh, just wake me any time—I'm *always dry*!"

Demosthenes used to compare eloquence to a weapon, aptly enough; for eloquence, like every other weapon, is of little use to the owner, unless he have the force and the skill to use it.

STRANGLING AN OPIUM DEALER.

The last accounts from China contain the following particulars of an execution: Desirous of witnessing this scene, (says an eye witness) I approached the mob, and in a quarter of an hour the Tsotang of Macao arrived, and with him from fifty to sixty police runners. A few minutes afterward, the Yew-foo military officer from Casa Branca, the Heang-Shan-Heen district magistrate of Heang-Shan, and the Kenn-min-foo of Casa Branca, came in rotation followed by the unfortunate culprit, in a bamboo cage, borne by the two executioners, and guarded by about one hundred of the Imperial Infantry. There were two matted bamboo sheds built up for this occasion, the distance between them being from thirty-five to forty yards. One of these sheds was furnished with chairs and tables where the Mandarins seated themselves, after having exchanged the customary civilities with one another; the other was the place for the execution, and was consequently fitted up in a less expensive style, containing merely a slight wooden cross about six feet in height, with a hole in the upper part immediately above the horizontal cross-piece. Three guns were fired as a signal to prepare for the execution of the culprit. With his arms and legs heavily loaded with shackles of iron, he was literally shaken out of the cage, a most pitiable looking object covered with filth, and so emaciated from an existence of four months in a Chinese prison, as to seem more dead than alive. He was dragged to the place of execution, and placed standing upon a piece of brick, touching the cross with his back. The executioners commenced by lashing a rope round his legs, under the arms, and then through the hole in the upper part of the cross, after which it was passed several times round his neck, and again through the hole. They then made use of a stick resembling a long arrow, about five feet in length, which was passed through the loops of the cord, and twisted round several times for the purpose of tightening the rope in order to effect strangulation. No apparent signal, other than the removal of a piece of brick from under the feet, was given for the fatal turning of the stick. The expression of the man's countenance did not change, nor was he observed to make any struggle. When he had been dead about ten minutes, the Mandarins departed under a salute of three guns, and shortly afterward the executioners followed, but not until they had fully assured themselves, by examination of his eyes and mouth, that he was dead. The body was to continue hanging on the cross for three days, as a spectacle and a warning to all dealers in opium, and others, after which period his friends would have permission to remove the body on paying for the same. The name of this unfortunate man was Kowk Pung. He kept a small shop for twenty years at Shale-tow, a village on the Inner Harbor, in the neighborhood of the place of execution. He bore an excellent character among all those who had any dealings with him; and he was seized for having sold only a few balls or cakes of opium on account of another party. In the exaggerated report made by the Viceroy to the Emperor, these balls or cakes of opium were multiplied into as many scores of chests, and he was represented as being one of the largest dealers in the drug, and as residing for the sake of security in the secluded village above named. Kowk Pung was forty-five years of age, and has left three wives and several children.

THE BEAUTY OF THE JEWESSES.

Who has observed, without admiring, that style of rich and gorgeous beauty which distinguishes the fair daughters of the Jews? If there be any let him speak—for him we will offend by calling him no judge.

The cause of their surpassing loveliness may be known to our readers who are conversant with Chateaubriand; but, for the benefit of those who have not read that author, or, having read, do not remember, we copy his politico-philosophical remarks upon the subject:

"Fontaine asked me one day," says Chateaubriand, "why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christain. The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of Man, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, subjected him to ignominy and the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour—they loved, they followed him, they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner annointed his feet with a perfumed oil, wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan women he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary; with balm and spices, and weeping, sought him at the sepulchre: 'why weepest thou?' His first appearance was to Magdalen; he said to her, 'Mary!' At the sound of that voice Magdalen's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master!' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.

The smallest bird, says M. Virey, can fly several leagues in an hour; the hawk goes commonly at the rate of a league in four minutes, or above forty miles an hour. A falcon of Henry II. was flown from Fontainbleau, and found, by its ring, at Malta next day; one sent from the Canaries to Andalusia, returned to Teneriffe in sixteen hours, a distance of near 700 miles, which it must have gone at the average rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Gulls go 700 miles out to sea, and return daily; and frigate birds have been found at 1200 miles from any land. Upon their migration, he states as a known fact, that cranes go and return at the same date, without the least regard to the state of the weather, which shows no doubt, if true, a most peculiar instinct. But these, and indeed all facts which we find stated by a writer so much addicted to painting and coloring, must be received with a degree of suspicion for which no one but M. Virey is to be blamed. The accounts, however, of the swiftness of birds, I can well credit from an experiment which I made when travelling on a railway. While going at the rate of 30 miles an hour, I let fly a bee; it made its circles as usual, and surrounded us easily. Now if there was no current of air or draft to bear it along, this indicated a rate of ninety miles an hour; and even allowing for a current, the swiftness must have been great. I should, however, wish to repeat the experiment, before being quite sure of so great a swiftness in so small an insect.—*Brougham.*

POOR JOHN FITCH.

In Judge Hall's "Notes on the Western States," is the following interesting account of John Fitch, who in his endeavors to solve the great problem of steam navigation, long preceded Fulton:

"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred, to frustrate every attempt which he made, to try the practicability of his invention.—He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish Government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed for the building of a steamboat, and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occured to Mr. Fitch; but instead of them oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of the success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington a distance of twenty miles; but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city.

Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and returned the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defects in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness.—Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. The ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steamboat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to be opened 30 years after his death. When, or why he came to the west, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him, that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics.

He details his embarrassments and disappointments, with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, only failed for the want of pecuniary means. He prophecies that in less than a century, we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam boats, and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting place, and the music of the steam engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one daring object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals:—'the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention, but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do any thing worthy of attention.'"

A few days since a country fellow went into Sweeney's to get some grub, and was somewhat surprised at seeing nothing on the table. "What will you have?" said the waiter. Jonathan stared about him—"I dun know." "Would you like a bill of fare, sir?" "Thank ye, I don't care if I do take a small piece!"

A far-western barrister is said to have spoken of a rascal-client's reputation, as something that would "shine paramount to the meridian, when *Phœbe herself* should become a merely twinkling spot among the littlest of the little stars!"

This is not quite equal to the blazon of a pettifogger in the Iowa territory. He had been opposed in a case of some magnitude by a thorough-bred advocate, whose sound arguments and classic language seemed to him entirely superfluous. He sprung to his feet as his opponent finished, and opened thus:

"Gentleman of the Jury, this individual knows all about them heathen ancients: he has roamed with Romulus, ranted with Remus, soaked with Socrates, and canted with old *Cantharides*; but, gentleman I should like to know,—and so would you, for I can [illegible]

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—No capital in the world contains, in a single locality, a mass of documents capable of comparing with that which is collected in the Archivio Generale of Venice. This establishment consists of 298 halls, saloons and galleries, the walls of which are covered, from the top to the bottom, with book-shelves. If these shelves were placed one after the other, they would form a line of 77,338 feet, that is to say, nearly equivalent to the distance from Paris to Versailles. These shelves contain 8,664,709 vols. and numbers. It has been calculated that a thousand writers, working daily eight hours a day, would employ 733 years or 24 generations, in copying these documents. It has been calculated that the number of leaves contained in the 8,664,709 volumes amount to 685,476,720, which, if opened and placed one after the other, would form a band of 1,444,800,000 feet in length by 16 inches wide. Now, the circumference of the earth near the equator being no more than 123,345,700 feet, (French,) by dividing the first sum with the latter, will be given the quotient 11,130, a cipher which indicates how often this band of literary workmanship might encircle the earth in its largest dimensions. By reducing these separate leaves into compact squares, and regarding them as materials adapted for building, a pyramid might be constructed out of them with a square base, each side of which would be 68 feet, and its height 428 feet. This pyramid would, therefore, be as that of Cheops, the highest monument of this class. It would be equal in volume to many of the pyramids of Egypt, and would surpass them all in height, with the above stated exception. In fine, a calculation easily made, beginning with the same datum, would shew that the written surface of these archives, taking the front and back of each page, would cover more than half of the department of the Seine.—*French paper.*

"THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES."

The Pasha of Egypt, I believe in 1816, assembled together the whole corps of Mamelukes, as if for a feast; and having secured all egress excepting a steep and precipitous descent over the sides of the elevation, (the platform of the citadel,) he destroyed them with cannon and musketry. They came, according to custom, in their richest costume, with their finest arms, and bearing about them all their wealth. At a signal given by the Pasha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron; and men and horses were at once weltering in blood. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the Citadel and were destroyed in the abyss. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion both horses and riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant like equestrian statues shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning; they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to El Azah, the other darted up the mountains; the pursuers divided, one half following each.

It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death! The steeds of the desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, flew along the edges of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times hearing the tramp of the pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell at length not to rise again. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity; instead of gliding down the rocks into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and awaited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres; without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed El Arich, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and in time, became the Governor of Jerusalem, where, at a later date, I had the pleasure to see him. The last only remnant of that redoubtable corps which, thirty years before, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the elite of Napoleon's army.'—*Lewis's Impressions of Travel in Egypt, &c.*

ABSURDITIES.

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings in liquor, and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bedtime." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterward be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in jail, and afterward sending them adrift without the means of getting work. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to a hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief. To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it. To expect your tradespeople will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity their fellow-creatures may be guilty of.—*Anon.*

AMERICAN SAILORS IN THE ENGLISH NAVY.

It is a fact well known to many of our officers, that a large portion of the Seamen in the English Navy, are now composed of Americans; and this disposition to sail under the British flag, is more infectious among our tars at present than ever. As a recent evidence of this, more than of the crew, who were discharged from the frigate United States in this port, have since this re-shipped in Liverpool for the British service. We cannot account for this, except that the Admiralty have offered the greatest encouragement to sailors entering their service. During the wars of the Continent, when it became necessary to keep the whole Navy of Great Britain at sea, no means were left unspared to entrap sailors in the service, and every temptation was thrown in their way, to keep them quiet in their state of dependance. But the evil consequences arising from this system of coercion, have caused a great change in the mode of treatment; salutary laws making it compulsory upon captains of vessels to give liberty to their men at stated periods, and doing away with corporal punishment, except by trial of drum head court martials (technically called,) and various others, have had a wonderful effect in dissipating the unpopularity of that service.

We are of the opinion too without reference to the importance of many beneficial laws, made for the encouragement of seamen, that the English service holds out much the most lucrative situation. In our service; a seaman receives twelve dollars monthly wages, with no small stores allowed, whereas, in the British service, a seaman's wages are £2 10s. with small stores, amounting to fourteen or fifteen dollars per month, and clothes furnished at a much less expense than in ours. This difference is owing to the bill, for the payment of our seamen, having passed Congress as far back as 1793, being graduated by the standard for labor at that time and since this, though the value of labor has so much increased, nothing has been done. It is to be hoped that our Government will take this subject into consideration, and make some legislative provision for the protection of a class of men, who from their hardships and sufferings, are entitled to more sympathy than any other persons in the world.—*Boston Atlas.*

EULOGY ON BURNS.

At a late celebration in Louisville, Kentucky, of the birthday of Scotland's favorite poet, Robert Burns, Mr. Prentice, the celebrated punster of the Louisville Journal, addressed the company in the following happy strain:

"Britain and America assemble to pay their heartfelt tribute of admiration to the memory of Robert Burns, "the unrivalled minstrel of Scotland, whose fame gathers freshness from the lapse of years, and, like the ivy, flourishes greenly over the lone prostration of the lovely and the beautiful.

"You all know the history of Burns. The world knows it by heart. The Scottish boy, born in poverty and obscurity, won his way through toils, privations and sufferings, to one of the loftiest and brightest places in the history of literature. He was the child of misfortune; and mankind still weep over the sorrows of that gifted genius, and will weep over them for ever. He was unfitted for the rough trial of a world like this. The lyre of his soul should have been fanned but by the airs of Eden, and have given out its music in a heavenly clime: and who can wonder that its chords were jarred and almost broken, when visited by the fierce winds and swift lightnings, and the blasting hurricanes of life. Like the rainbow, his fame sprung up amidst clouds of gloom; but like the rainbow it was a reflection of the sun, and its arch, though resting upon the earth, was lost in heaven.

"The genius of Burns was universal; in whatever he attempted his success was perfect. His talent was all-powerful, whether he aimed at the heart of the lover, to call forth the loud or the quiet mirth of the votary of festivity, to kindle the high and holy fervor of devotion, to pour his great enthusiasm for liberty into the soul of the patriot, or to nerve the arm and send the lava-tide of vengeance along the veins of the warrior. If you pass through Scotland, you feel his mighty influence everywhere, like a universal presence. He has made that wild and romantic country emphatically his own. His step is upon her mountains, her braes and her glens—his image is reflected from her blue lochs and her gushing streams—and his name is breathed by her winds, echoed by her thunders, and chanted by her brave sons and beautiful daughters."

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.—It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of an anxious affection, that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows would be far more pleasing to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot, which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains, but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger, and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *may you die among your kindred.*—*Greenwood.*

Even in the deepest distress, when a sweet little woman turns up her lovely face, and says, [illegible]

INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

It is a fact, that the celebrated Miami Chief, Little Turtle, made application to the Legislature of Kentucky, about 1803 or 1804, for the passage of a law concurrent with other States bordering on the Indian territory, to prohibit their citizens from selling spirituous and intoxicating liquors to the Indians.

The arguments of this singular orator of nature were powerful. He appeared before a committee of the board, and ably discussed the subject of intemperance; his arguments had the desired effect. An act passed on the subject to go into operation provided the Legislature of Ohio (then a new State) would pass a similar law restraining her citizens from similar acts. The legislative body whose duty it was to act in Ohio omitted it. The law of Kentucky fell of course. The unwearied Indian chief was not easily discouraged. Though baffled in the outset, he persevered; nor did he, as many a white man would have done, give it over as a "vain attempt." But in the years 1805 and 1806, Little Turtle betook himself to various methods to accomplish this truly desirable object. By every argument in his power, he labored to gain over to his cause influential and religious characters, and urged on them to recommend the measure to the President of the United States, which, by the Legislature of Ohio, at its session of 1804, had been neglected. For this purpose Little Turtle travelled through various parts of the United States, and among the rest betook himself to the Quakers. Being permitted to deliver his sentiments publicly, perhaps at a yearly meeting of the Friends' Society, he expressed himself nearly as follows:

"*My White Brothers.*—Many of your red brothers in the West have long discovered, and now deeply lament the great evil of drunkenness. It has been many years since it was first introduced amongst us by our white brothers; Indians do not know how to make strong drink. If it be not shortly stopped among our people it will be our ruin. We are now in consequence of it a miserable people. We are poor and naked. We have made repeated attempts to suppress this evil and have failed. We want our white brothers to help us and we will try again.

"Brothers—We want you to send to our great father, the President of the United States, and let him know our deplorable situation, that the bad men among our white brothers may be stopped from selling whiskey to the Indians. Could you, my brothers, see the evil of this barbarous practice you would pity the poor Indians!

"Brothers—When a white man trading in our country meets an Indian, he asks him the first time, "Take a drink;" he says "No." He asks the second time, "Take a drink, good whiskey;" he says "No." He asks a third time, "Take a drink, no hurt you;" he takes a *little*; then he wants more and then more. Then the trader tell him he must buy. He then offers his gun; the white man takes it. Next his skins; white man takes them. He at last offers his shirt; white man takes it.

"When he gets sober, he begins to inquire—"Where is my gun?" He is told, "You sold it for whiskey." "Where are my skins?" "You sold them for whiskey." "Where is my shirt?" "You sold it for whiskey!" Now, my white brothers imagine to yourselves the deplorable situation of that man, who has a wife and children at home dependant on him in a starving condition, when he himself is without a shirt!"

The speech of which the above is the substance, was with other documents, transmitted by the Quakers to Mr. Jefferson, when he was in office as President of the United States. By him it was transmitted to the Governor of Ohio, with a pressing request (see journals H. R. 1808-9) that it should be laid before the Legislature of the State at its next session. He did so. The Legislature with great promptitude acted on the subject, and passed the excellent law which is now in force on that subject.

What an example has been set by this Indian Chief, worthy the imitation of any great man.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT.

"The Bedouins are essentially a pastoral people; their only riches are their flocks and herds, their home is in the wide desert, and they have no local attachments: to-day they pitch their tent among the mountains, to-morrow in the plain; and wherever they plant themselves for the time, all that they have on earth, wife, children and friends, are immediately around them. In fact, the life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarch of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin; and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character and habits of this extraordinary people.—Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

"The women whom we had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when overtaken by Toualeb, she recognized in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors four thousand years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose frock, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated, he took his shepherd's crook, and assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal, and now I would fain prolong the illusion of this pastoral scene. To stop at the door of an Arab's tent, and partake with him of a lamb or a kid prepared by his hospitable hands, all sitting together on the ground, and provided with no other implements than those which Nature gave us, is a picture of primitive and captivating simplicity; but the details were such as to destroy forever all its poetry, and take away all relish for patriarchal feasts. While we were taking coffee, the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate. The coffee drunk and the pipe smoked, our host arose, and laid his hand upon the victim; the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head, and another the hind legs; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire.

* * * * *

"One by one I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away, the gorgeous pictures of Oriental scenes melt into nothing, but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of men's nature, sustaining the poetry of the 'land of the East.' But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character or any habits of life which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilisation. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins; and, to say nothing of their manners,—excluding women from all companionship, dipping their fingers up to the knuckles in the same dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits,—their temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes.

"One might expect to find these children of nature free from the reproach of civilised life—the love of gold: But fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers of mammon, hold up your heads, this reproach must not be confided to you!

"I never saw any thing like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver or gold.—When he asks for buckshesh, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser to count it over alone and hide it from all other eyes."—*Stevens's Travels.*

Farmers' Department.

SHADE TREES.—The Boston Times says that when he sees a farmer setting out the tall and stately elm, as an ornamental tree, he admires his *taste*—but when he observes him transplanting the equally beautiful and really useful apple, he admires his *taste and judgment* both. There is sense in that. What sight is more beautiful than the varieties of fruit trees, which are "at home" in our climate, clothed in early spring with their gaudy dress of flowers, and what contemplation more delightful than the prospect that in due time the fragrant blossoms will give place to most delicious fruit. The stately elm, the lofty poplar, and other varieties of ornamental trees, with their thick foliage and uniform growth, may glad the eye, but there is that about the prolific fruit tree which does more than this. It gladens more sense than one.

FORECAST.

There is no profession or calling wherein not only the energies of the body, but those of the mind are brought into more profitable requisition than that of agriculture. Those who entertain the opinion that farming can be carried on with reputation and profit, without a good deal of sound reflection and thought, appear to labor under a grand error of judgment in the matter, for of all kinds of business in which man is engaged, none requires more sound discretion and *forecast*.

During the winter, in addition to the current duties of the season, of threshing out, and preparing his grain for a market, and taking a *fatherly* care of the domestic animals constituting his stock, he must lay his plans, and carefully and wisely digest them, so as to enable him to commence and carry on his spring and summer operations effectively; and all this requires a good deal of sound discretion and *forecast*.

On the opening of spring, nature never waits to accommodate an idle, careless farmer; he must therefore be up and doing, for there are scores of matters to do, and no such thing as stretching out the time for accomplishing them. There is the oats that can't be too soon in the ground; the Indian corn (the most important and valuable crop which we produce) won't permit any delay or neglect in the preparation of the ground, or of its subsequent treatment without affecting his interests very seriously; the garden can't be started too early; and the grass fields and fences must be looked after and attended to, at as early a period as practicable; all these, with a host of other minor duties of the season, keep the mind and body in perpetual motion, and show the importance of sound discretion and *forecast*.

Summer, with its numerous heavy cares and duties, is down upon us almost before we are aware of it, and generally before most farmers are ready for it. [illegible] tended not only to the winter, but much has to be done in anticipation of the succeeding spring; the oats and corn grounds should be ploughed, so as to give them the benefits of the meliorating influence of the winter frosts, and the garden grounds should be thrown up and trenched for the same reason. Now where is the person who will venture to say that the man who conducts all these various processes effectively, has not a necessity for a double dose of sound discretion and *forecast*.—*Far. Cabinet.*

WHO WOULD NOT BE A FARMER?—In this glad season, when the earth is all around bursting into life and beauty, and nature is keeping holiday—when winter is over, and vegetation is waking again from its death-like sleep—when the birds sing their matin song from every bush, and man himself wakes to a new life amid the activity around him, *who would not be a Farmer?*—For him, and almost for him alone, bloom the fair flowers in nature's field—for him the feathered songster pours her sweetest note, and for him the face of creation wears a constant smile. Not so with the inhabitant of cities, or with the professional man or the man of business, any where. Their business is with men—restless, ambitious, and oftentimes dishonest men—they themselves are all engaged in the eager scramble for wealth and distinction, sometimes caring little whom they thrust down with their unhallowed tread, so they mount upon the wreck, and they lose the salutary lesson of benevolence which may be learned from the ways of Providence in the outward world. They must maintain a constant struggle with temptation, or yield to its power. Accustomed to so much *evil*, they are sometimes almost tempted to deny the existence of *good*. But the farmer pursues "the even tenor of his way," undisturbed by the passions of men. His dealings are with nature, and he may, if he will not shut his heart against it, learn true wisdom from its teachings. In the spring-ing grass, the opening flower, and the ripening harvest—in sunshine and in shower—he may see a token of God's love and goodness, and in the quiet of his own home, he may almost forget the existence of *evil*. Thus widely different are the conditions of the two classes spoken of. Yet we sometimes find farmers discontented with their lot, and eager to join with their fellows in the feverish excitement of trade and speculation. And very often we see young men, impatient to leave their paternal acres, and to seek, as they vainly think, some more honorable or genteel mode of earning a living. They had rather show a lily-white hand to a lady, as they measure off a yard of tape, than exhibit a manly muscular frame, with a hand which does not shrink from contact with implements of husbandry. It has, indeed, become one of the great errors of our time, that young men are deserting the true nobility of the country, for the sake of wearing a more delicate complexion, or living, as they vainly hope, more at their ease. Hence it is that all trades and professions are overstocked, that we have more lawyers than clients, more doctors than patients, and more persons than parishes.

We hear men complain of hard times, mechanics cannot find situations, yet the country is actually suffering, and very severely too, for a want of proper attention to farming, and why is it? Because many a man who should have followed the plough, has become too proud for that, and in his aspirations to be a gentleman has undertaken to wield a pen or administer cataplasms and boluses. To this state of things, too, is to be attributed to some extent, the present scarcity and high price of provisions. The production has been allowed to fall below the consumption, and this great producing country, with its sparse population, has presented the strange anomaly of importing breadstuffs from the thick settled countries of Europe. It is all wrong. Young men should be taught to regard the employment of their fathers as one of the most honorable in the world.

Your farmer is the independent man. What cares he for hard times, or high prices? Banks may fail—merchants' notes may be protested, and their drafts dishonored, but "Seed time and Harvest," that old and stable firm, shall never "fail"—drafts upon them are answered at sight, and the bank of nature, where the farmer makes his deposites, is "good as gold," and always discounts liberally. He laughs at, or more likely pities, those who are left at the mercy of the times, and compelled to eat the bread of carefulness. Beef at twenty-five cents a pound, and other edibles in proportion, does not worry him. He takes the favors Providence so bountifully bestows upon him, and asks few of his fellows. While want afflicts the rest of the world, he may snap his fingers in his face, as much as to say, "Who cares for you?"—*Nashua Telegraph.*

THE FEMALE CAPTAIN OF DRAGOONS.

In the month of December, 1801, when, on the way from Avignon to Lyons, the Paris Diligence was joined by a young lady at Montelimart; she was handed in by an officer of dragoons, who, recommending her to the care of the coachman, and to the civilities of the company, wished her a pleasant journey. The inside passengers now amounted to eight in the whole, among them were four Lyonese, of a lively and gay disposition, fond of joking and laughing, but on the whole inoffensive. The new traveling companion, the only female of the party, was dressed in a brown silk gown, neat enough, but her manners and conversation did not correspond with her female apparel; and, together with the color of her complexion, seemed to indicate that she had passed more of her time in the tents of camps than at the toilet, or in the dressing room. Her features, however, were not coarse, nor her voice rude, but rather soft; in fact, it was difficult to know what to make of her. These considerations, or perhaps curiosity, made the young Lyonese evince some inclination to amuse themselves at her expense; but she interrupted them, by telling them she was not in a humor to joke and if they did not conduct themselves with that respect due to her sex and person, she would, at the end of the first stage, treat them as they merited. When the Diligence stopped, to allow the passengers time to breakfast, she ordered the driver to bring her the portmanteau; Captain Langenois, her husband, had given it into his care. Having received it, she went up stairs with the chambermaid, and in ten minutes returned, fully accoutered in the regimentals of an officer of dragoons, with her sabre at her side challenging in rather severe expressions, the four young Lyonese to fight her one after another. She at the same time, threw some papers on the table, saying, "Read them, you Blanchees, and you will see although a woman, I have made seven campaigns, and received nine wounds, and that at present, after giving my resignation, I enjoy a pension of eight hundred livres, bestowed on me by the First Consul, as a reward for my services." Some of the other passengers interfering, and those who had unintentionally offended her having made an apology, her good humor returned, and she continued for the remainder of her journey, a very agreeable companion.

As soon as the Diligence set off, she favored her fellow travellers with the following particulars of her military life: Her name was Adelaide Langenois, and her present husband, though the son of a nobleman in Normandy, was, in 1792, obliged to enter as a volunteer; and as such he passed through Besancon, where she was born. Being seized with a fever in the house of her parents, where he had been billetted, she took particular care of him, and a mutual affection was soon formed between them. Her father opposing her inclination, she put on men's clothes, and joined the 9th regiment of hussars in which her lover served. She made the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, in the maritime Alps; was there wounded and promoted to a cornetcy, while her lover still continued in the ranks. Being informed by letters, that a relation of his was a colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons, young Langenois wrote, and was afterward advanced to the rank of sub-lieutenant. Either from inconstancy, or from other causes, he had hitherto neglected his promise of marrying her; and notwithstanding her entreaties, left her to join his new regiment, then on the frontiers of Spain. Thus deserted and wretched, in the hope of meeting with death, she rushed into the enemy's ranks, in the first engagement, where, after having her horse shot under her, and receiving two cuts of the sabre in her head, she fainted away at the loss of blood, and at her recovery found herself a prisoner in an Austrian hospital. Her sex being discovered, she was treated by the enemy with great delicacy, and as soon as convalescent, exchanged. She then resigned her commission as an officer of hussars, to enlist as a volunteer in the regiment of dragoons, then in Spain, where Lieut. Langenois served. Having heard that she had been killed, he was most agreeably surprised at her arrival; and in gratitude for her fidelity, and for her sacrifices, not only married her, but procured her, from his relation, the same rank with himself.—When the peace with Spain was concluded, her regiment was ordered to join the army of Italy; where, at the battle of Lodi, she was wounded in three places, and promoted by Bonaparte to a first lieutenancy at the same time that her husband, who had greatly distinguished himself, was made a captain.—During the blockade and siege of Genoa, in the spring of 1800, her regiment belonged to the corps under the command of General Rochambeau, who attempted to throw in succors to Massena, the Governor of Genoa. In one of the skirmishes, in the vicinity of that city, she again had her horse killed under her, was wounded and made prisoner by General Haddick; who in admiration of her courage, presented her a beautiful Hungarian horse of his own, and released her without being exchanged. This horse, the general of the division, Duhem, had the insolence to put in requisition for himself during her illness of a fever that then raged in the French army; and when on her recovery she claimed it, he refused to restore it.—She sent him a challenge; but instead of fighting, he ordered her put under arrest for insubordination.—Such, however, was the regard that the officers and men had for her, that in an encounter with the enemy the next day, her horse, on which Duhem rode was killed by them, which terrified him so much that he demanded and obtained a command of another division. After the peace with Austria, at Luneville, she repaired, with her husband, to Paris; was introduced by General Murat to Bonaparte, who ordered a sabre as a mark of honor, to be given her, which at present entitles her to number among the knights of the legion of honor. Her commission certificates and numerous papers, proved the truth of her assertion that she diminished, rather than exaggerated, her military exploits. That she was much beloved by the troops, was evident during the whole journey.—Pickets of the 15th dragoons were quartered in every station where the Diligence changed horses; they all spoke of her courage, generosity, and humanity, with the enthusiasm of sincerity and gratitude. They would have narrated many traits, illustrating what they said, but her modesty prevented them; they never ceased to exclaim, as long as she was in sight, "*Oh! la brave et bonne femme!*" When at Lyons, she went to a play, dressed in her regimentals. General Duhem was then governor of that city. Owing her a grudge, he sent his aid-de-camp to her box, asking her how she had dared appear at the theatre, with [illegible]

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IN the Lower Saloon of the New Building, at THE CORNER OF NINTH AND GEORGE STREETS PHILADELPHIA [illegible]

NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration to the estate of Adam Ferrers, late of the district of Northwark, in the county of Philadelphia [illegible]

RAND'S WRITING ACADEMY,

No. 196 South Ninth Street.

[illegible]

David Evans's Patent Improved WATER AND PROVISION COOLERS,

[illegible]

The West Chester Young Ladies Seminary.

[illegible]

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SWEET Corn, Dipper very fine, Rose and Peach water, double distilled; Brooms and Sieves, all kinds of Herbs, Cheese and Bonnets, an assortment of Baskets, Reticules and Satchels, Rocking Chairs, Hobby Horses and Velocipedes [illegible]

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Ironing Tables and Bread Cutters, on an improved plan.

REMOVAL.

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY, is removed from No. 8 Bank street to 95 Walnut street.

S. C. CLEVELAND Agent

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY.

No. 95 WALNUT STREET. [illegible]

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[illegible]

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LEATHER STORE.

[illegible]

ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

SILK WORM EGGS.

[illegible]

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S CARPET MANUFACTORY.

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J. A. WOODSIDE, JR.

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[illegible]

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